

THE AMERICAN  
**Legion**  
JUNE, 1946 MAGAZINE

PERMANENT FILE  
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



MICHAEL  
BERRY

**UNO: Discord But Progress**

BY RAYMOND DANIELL

**Homes for Vets by Vets**

AS DALLAS DOES IT



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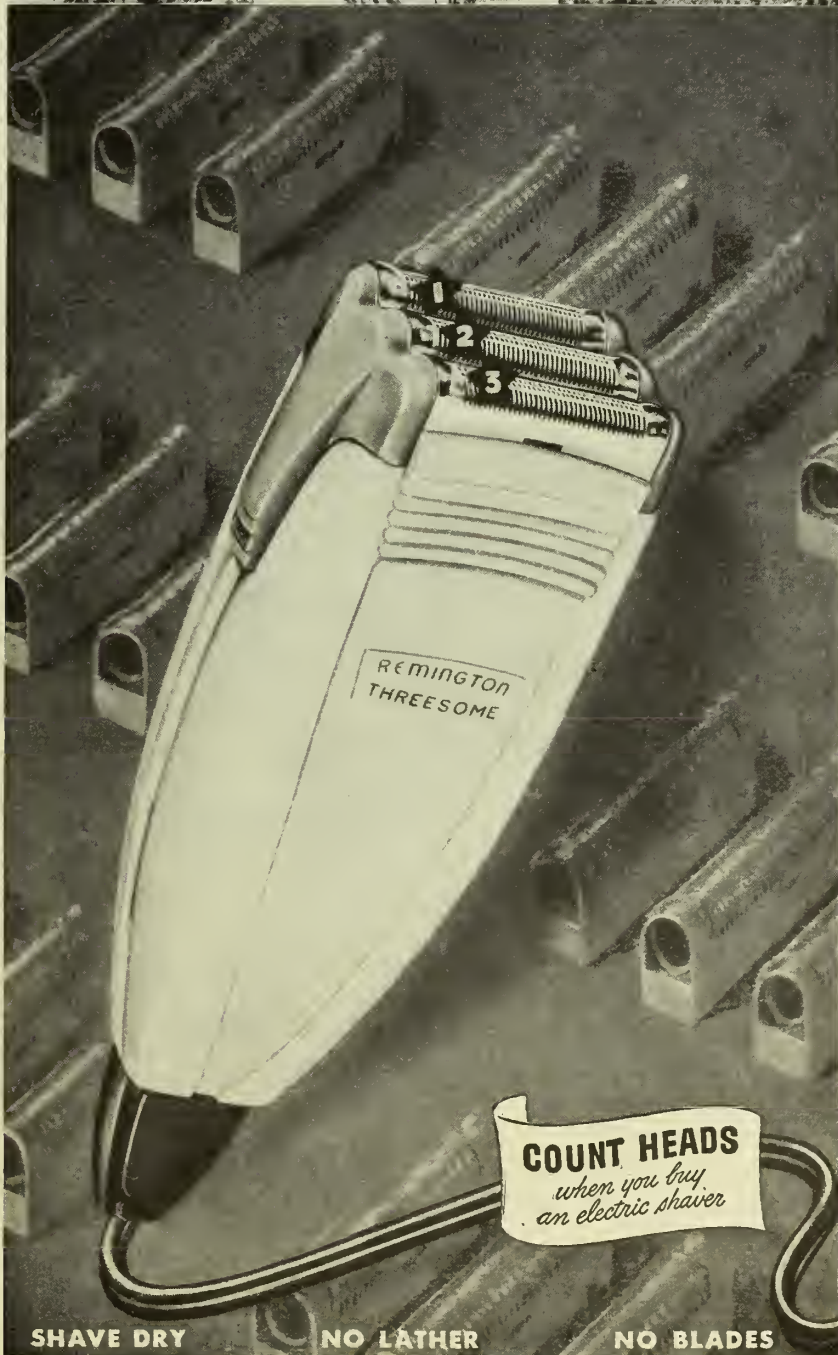
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*Head of  
the Bourbon  
Family*

**OLD GRAND-DAD**

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NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y.

# THE AMERICAN Legion MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1946  
VOL. 40 • NO. 6

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# "Operation Friendship"



## A Message from the King

"AS Patron of the Travel Association, His Majesty is much interested to hear of the offer of Honorary Membership to the men and women of the United Nations Fighting and Auxiliary Services. The King considers that this is an admirable step entirely in keeping with the objects for which the Association was originally founded."

THE TRAVEL ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND believes that mutual understanding and knowledge acquired through travel is the best basis of true and lasting peace. You, to whom this message is addressed, have known Britain in the dark days of war, and it is because the Travel Association feels that many Service men and women of the United Nations may desire to maintain their contact and pay return visits to our country in time of peace, that the Council has decided to offer you the privileges of Overseas Honorary Membership.

The Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland is a non-commercial, non-political body, founded in 1929. It exists mainly to attract to the British Isles visitors from all parts of the world and to provide impartial and authoritative information about travel in this country. It publishes annually a pocket "Calendar of Events" which ensures that those on its Register of Members are kept informed of happenings in Great Britain.

Your acceptance of an Honorary Membership of the Association carries no obligations whatever as far as you are concerned. All you have to do is to fill in and post the Membership Acceptance Form. You will then receive a handsome little Membership Card which you can keep for all time as a souvenir of your period of service in the British Isles.

## PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP

Each person accepting the offer will receive the Honorary Membership Card and be entered on the register of Overseas Honorary Members. Such members will:

*Be eligible to receive the Association's Annual Pocket "Calendar of Events" in the British Isles;*

*Be entitled to the facilities of the Association's Information Bureaux overseas where information on any part of the British Isles will be available;*

*Be entitled to the facilities of the Association's New Headquarters in London;*  
*Be able, through their Membership to make contact with families of people in the British Isles;*

*Be entitled to help and guidance in connection with return visits to this country.*

★ For additional acceptance forms, write to The Travel Association, 6, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1, England.

## ★ Acceptance Form

OVERSEAS HONORARY MEMBERSHIP  
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GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

To The Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 6, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1, England. Having served in the British Isles during World War 1939-45, I have pleasure in accepting OVERSEAS HONORARY MEMBERSHIP. Please send my Membership Card to address as under:

Rank..... Address.....

Arm or Service.....

Name..... Signature.....

(BLOCK CAPITALS)



**QUANTITY  
JUST AHEAD...**



**FLORSHEIM**

*Shoes*



It's good to know that more Florsheim Shoes are just ahead . . . it's better to know Florsheim *quality* has never fallen behind. Quality is still the Florsheim key-note, and Florsheim quality still America's standard of fine shoe value.

"Most Styles \$10<sup>50</sup> and \$11

## THE EDITORS' CORNER

COVER artist Mike Berry has been doing commercial drawing for the past twenty years and his work has appeared in almost every top general interest magazine in the country. He has made several extensive swings around Europe doing humorous articles and drawings for American magazines, and at one time he was the cartoonist for a newspaper in Japan, where he lived in 1935. Berry served in the Army Air Forces for two and a half years—drawing for camp newspapers most of the time—and was discharged last October. He says he was a corporal during most of his stay, but a couple of weeks before his discharge he drew a portrait of his colonel and came out a sergeant.

### UNO? Oh No, UN

On page 11 you will find *UNO: Discord But Progress*, an optimistic piece by Raymond Daniell, showing that the United Nations is getting somewhere, newspaper headlines notwithstanding. This piece is also an example of why editors get gray. As everybody knows by now, it is *passee* to refer to UN as UNO. But back in April, when we first scheduled the article, it was still UNO. Our art department had the title and illustration waiting when Mr. Daniell's manuscript came in. By then UNO was UN, you know. We pondered tearing up the plates at the last minute but finally said NO, because we know that you know that UNO is UN.

### Humor in a Locker

Not so long ago a national magazine published an article about the wide assortment of funny things which turn up in railroad station lockers. This was especially interesting to us since a couple of days earlier a very funny article entitled *Strictly Stinky* had come to us via a dime locker in Grand Central Station. Jack Cluett, who wrote the Stinky piece, came in to town from his home in Connecticut that morning carrying a briefcase loaded down with manuscripts, *Strictly Stinky* included. Not being one to lug a lot of articles all over town if he can get out of it, Cluett checked the briefcase in Grand Central. When he came in to see us he mentioned *Strictly Stinky*, and fifteen minutes later we were standing in front of a Grand Central locker while Cluett fished around inside for the article. It struck us as being very funny, so we're passing it on to you on page 18 of this issue.

### Dobie's No Dope

R. M. Dobie, who wrote *Your Chances In Advertising* (page 25) was discharged from the Navy a few months back, decided to settle in the New York area, but couldn't find a place to live. He thought his was a pretty sad story until he ran into a fellow who had a big, double garage but couldn't



get a car. Dobie is no dope. He's now living in the other fellow's garage.

### Read Carefully

Checking in at a Dallas, Texas hotel a while back we noticed a big sign in the lobby which read: "Welcome Blind Men." We were in a hurry to get up to our rooms and wash a bit of that Texas dust off our face and didn't bother to read the rest of the sign just at that time.

Going up in the elevator we stopped at the mezzanine floor while half a dozen men got on, each of whom was wearing a little badge proclaiming that he was a delegate to the convention of blind men. We instinctively made sure not to bump against any of the other occupants and were pleased to see the delegates in such a jovial and carefree mood. The next time we passed through the lobby we read the rest of the sign. It said: "Dallas Is Proud To Play Host To The Annual Convention of Venetian Blind Manufacturers."

### Barry Cord

Peter B. Germano began turning out western stories under the name of Barry Cord shortly after he left school and at this writing has had more than 100 of them published, mostly in the pulp western magazines. His career as a fiction writer was interrupted by a three-and-a-half-year stretch as a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, including an eight-month tour of duty in the Aleutians and a year and a half in the Pacific. *Showdown At Tres Pinos* (page 14) was one of the first stories he turned out following his discharge last fall.

D. S.



*"You're asking  
for a Good Sock"*

**Westminster**  
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

PERFECT GIFT FOR FATHERS DAY



# Keeps dry, wild "SUN-BAKED" HAIR looking Handsome all day!



## WHAT A MESS!

After a day of golf, tennis, swimming or gardening his hair looks a *sight*. Baked and scorched by the sun. Frazzled by the wind. Combing it with water simply doesn't keep it in place. Kreml Hair Tonic is *famous* to groom dry, wild "sun-baked" hair. Keeps it neatly in place all day.



## WHAT A MISTAKE!

And what a *drip* with the ladies. Thinks he's well-groomed with his hair plastered down like a dummy's. How gals laugh at him. If only he were up-to-date and would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking so handsome yet so **MASCULINE**—never greasy, oily or dirty.



## WHAT A MAN!

How trim and attractive his hair always looks even on sun-scorched, windy days. Kreml makes tangled hair so easy to comb. It grooms dry "sun-baked" hair so handsomely—keeps it looking its best at all times. Let Kreml help improve the appearance of *your* hair!



• Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use it daily for a *cleaner scalp*—for *better-groomed* hair.

# KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—  
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



**This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.**

### CANADA IN HOCK

Sir: I feel it is time to put England on a business basis and stop this foolish way we have acted in the past. As good business I feel we would be just in asking England for more security than a piece of paper. I would be very much in favor of a loan to England if she put up Canada as security. If England intends to repay us she should not hesitate to do this.

NORMAN H. ANSON

Vincennes, Indiana

### BAILED OUT OVER BELGIUM?

Sir: During the war hundreds of Allied air-men had to bail out over Belgium. They were helped by Belgian civilians—given medical care, put in hiding and aided to escape. These Belgian patriots, who risked their lives in these undertakings, have banded together in an association called "Relief to the Anglo-American Broken Wings," of which the secretary's office is at Rue Hoyoux, 58, Herstal, Belgium. They wish to maintain contact with their American friends and provide them with photographs or other souvenirs of their adventures in Belgium. In particular, there were 28 American flyers who were imprisoned at Bohan and who would presumably be glad to know of this organization.

JAN-ALBERT GORIS

Commissioner of Information for Belgium  
New York City

### WANTS ATOMIC BOMB TEST

Sir: I am disgusted with the ad in *Time* by the Military Order of the Purple Heart urging all to write the President to stop the A-bomb tests at Bikini. They talk like schoolboys after listening to pacifist propaganda. They would have us unprepared as usual.

P. C. MEANS

Merrimac, Massachusetts

### OF INTEREST

Sir: We are international suckers without pride. And once fooled means nothing, for "once a sucker always a sucker." Britain complains of our interest charges, the lowest rate in history, and we beg them to gyp us, the great white father of all nations. Yet, let a



little GI Joe ask a small loan for building a home, starting a shoe-shine parlor or a cafe, and after crucifying questionnaires, exasperating delays and illegal side service charges, our Government will allow this ex-soldier, ex-sailor or ex-marine half what he actually needs at three times the interest rate we request from foreign nations getting billions. It just ain't right.

L. JACKSON FOX

New Orleans, Louisiana

#### INFORMATION PLEASE

Sir: John Kieran in *UMT-a-Must* in your March issue says, "Things can happen in a hurry with jet planes moving at better than 600 miles per hour and atomic bombs bursting all over the place." What is Kieran's solution? "We have uniforms, guns, ammunition and army and navy equipment of every kind in stock piles. We have competent instructors in men who have been to the wars and back." So Kieran thinks we have gobs of instructors competent to teach our boys how to deal with atomic bombs. If there is in the United States one such person let him make himself known.

RICHARD DILL

Alexandria, Nebraska

#### ALWAYS POLITICS

Sir: In your February issue, C.R., of Windsor, Illinois, writes that a job in conservation was not obtainable except through the politicians. In this locality the same thing is true in the postal service. My experience in it was previous to World War II, but I was an ex-service-man at that time too. It was handled strictly on a political basis and over the protests of the local chamber of commerce and The American Legion. Believe me, I got a wonderful education in politics, but that's all I did get.

EDD WISHMAN

Ruthven, Iowa

#### WOMEN WON'T MAKE WAY

Sir: I think the veterans are getting a raw deal in coming back home and not getting jobs because married women are still working. Veterans can do their work just as well. It's beginning to look just like it did when I came back from France after the last war.

FRANK MURPHY

Mobile, Alabama

#### WATCH OUT FOR SULLIVAN LAW

Sir: Congratulations to E. B. Mann on his very fine article in the March issue, *Did You Bring Home a Booby Trap?* It is well timed, and after reading it I feel sure he must know his stuff on guns. But—and I do mean that *but* as an exception—he should refrain from trying to interpret the law in relation to the possession of firearms, especially when he makes reference to the Sullivan Law. This New York State law has many subdivisions covering sticks, stones, knives, blackjacks or whatever else you may use with criminal intent against another. So please, in your following articles, cite the fact that returning veterans be particularly careful about declaring them to the

# BRAND NEW AND MAN! WHAT A FABRIC! RAY-O-KOOL\* SLACKS

When you buy slacks this year you'll want something that's *new* and *better*. Which is exactly what you'll get if they're labeled "Ray-O-Kool" — the rayon slack fabric that's cooler, tailors better and wears longer. It's made by Dan River, makers of *Riverbreeze\** for slacks and *Rivercool\** the famous Summer suiting. Remember, look for the Ray-O-Kool label. Dan River Mills, Danville, Va.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A  
**DAN RIVER**  
FABRIC

DR





# FOR CRASHING POWER



## Shoot Remington Hi-Speed 22's with Kleanbore priming

Like a bolt from the blue, Remington Hi-Speed 22's flash straight to the mark. For small game, pests, or just plain plinking, you can't beat the power of Remington Hi-Speed 22's with Kleanbore priming. Every component of a Remington Hi-Speed 22 is designed and engineered with power in mind. The bullet (1) is properly balanced and dimensionally correct. The special bullet lubrication (2) prevents leading in the barrel. The case (3) is made to close tolerance and contains the right amount of the highest quality smokeless powders. And the exclusive Kleanbore, non-corrosive priming (4) gives speedy ignition. Available now in limited quantities. Try some the next time you go shooting. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

**Remington**  
**DU PONT**

"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

Hi-Speed and Kleanbore, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
by Remington Arms Company, Inc.

local authorities before keeping them as souvenirs.

FRANCIS X. QUINN

New York City

### IN PRAISE OF PROFESSIONALS

Sir: In answer to V.M.'s letter in your February issue, I think it is unfair to say that millions of civilians did the fighting while the general officers took the credit. Sure, there are a few who bask in glory, but that's not uncommon in any walk of life. The old professional soldier, sailor and marine deserve what credit they get. Who but the regular career men taught the millions of fighting civilians how to fight? My husband, a first sergeant for three hitches in the army, and who holds every medal but the Congressional Medal of Honor, is scared of praise for himself, but he has the greatest praise for all the men who fought with him. It didn't matter that only a small number of them were professional soldiers. Most general officers know that the praise they get is for their men too. And a good soldier knows that he is being praised when his superior officer gets commended. Career men are O.K.

MRS. JAMES H. FOWLER

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

### ANSWERING GI LOAN COMPLAINTS

Sir: I have read the letter by Mr. and Mrs. Earl W. Edwards concerning GI loans, in your February issue. The fault lies some place other than in the GI Bill of Rights. I am secretary of the Wenatchee Federal Savings and Loan Association, and up to the present time we

have loaned to veterans of World War II for the purpose of building and buying homes the sum of \$325,000 under the GI Bill. The writer realizes, of course, that if the veteran goes out and wants to pay \$8000 for a \$4500 house, that he cannot get a loan under the provisions of the bill. Personally, I think the GI Bill of Rights is one of the finest things that the returned veteran could have, and, in plain English it permits him to go out and buy himself a home without having to put up a sizeable down payment.

G. G. BECKER

Wenatchee, Washington

### VETS ARE GOOD CITIZENS

Sir: Your article, *I'm a Veteran, Judge*, in the March issue, caused an immediate flush of resentment at the inferences (probably not intended by the author) that young veterans are more likely to disobey the law than those who are non-veterans. It is our firm conviction that the veteran who went through real service will not only measure up to the standard of citizenship and community leadership that has been set by World War I veterans, but that he will definitely surpass it. Furthermore, it is the job of the Legion, more than any other organization, to build self-confidence among these youngsters, not to tear it down. The Legion should go about that job systematically, jealously guarding at every turn the good name and repute of these boys who will very soon become the guiding spirit of American life.

ARTHUR C. SHEPARD

Judge, Superior Court

Fresno, California



Here is a page from an old family album which includes among the faces portrayed one of the founding fathers of The American Legion who, through a busy and distinguished career, has held his place as one of the organization's leaders. Can you spot him? Give up? Well, it is the family of Judge and Mrs. Stelle posed in their comfortable home at McLeonsboro, Illinois, about 1894. Members of the family, reading from left to right, are: Sister Edith at the doorway, leaning against the piano; Mother Stelle; brothers Rowleigh B. and Horry and the father, Judge Stelle. Seated in front in the same order are sister Elsie, and the youngest member of the group leaning back against his father's knee. He is John Stelle, future Governor of Illinois and National Commander of The American Legion. He still makes his home at McLeonsboro.



# *It's a* Kuppenheimer

*And it's cool.* Skilfully woven lightweight fabrics let the breezes *in*, yet they are tailored with matchless Kuppenheimer craftsmanship to *fit* and *hold their shape*. Kuppenheimer Clothes for warm weather give worlds of cool comfort without sacrificing one bit of style

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE







We are working on new cable for the thousands of telephones the public wants. The war put us behind—in buildings, switchboards, telephones and other equipment—but we are beginning to catch up now.

Catching up on two million telephones and putting in two million miles of Long Distance circuits is a big job but we are hurrying it with all possible speed. We shall not let up until you can again have all the service you want.



**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



# UNO: Discord but Progress

CARTOON  
BY JOHN  
CASSEL

Perhaps UNO was prematurely born in this troubled world. The Charter whereby it was conceived in San Francisco June 26 declared its purpose to be to "maintain international peace and security."

Now in all truth although the end of the World War II brought 50 nations together to devise new machinery for enforcing rule of law in international relations, there was neither peace nor security anywhere in Europe or Asia when the assembly of the United Nations Organization held its first plenary session in London.

And if the record of its achievements was not impressive we should not be surprised. The mechanical defects of the charter, which conceded the supremacy of the great powers yet declared paradoxically in Article Two that all members were sovereign and equal, were apparent before the public bickering in Westminster exposed them dramatically to public view. All the powers, great and small came through it obviously feeling that membership was an asset. They felt that despite the failure of the old League of Nations and the obvious shortcomings of its successors it was worth while to keep on trying to bring order out of chaos, if not in a parliament of man, at least in a congress of the powers. But it must not be overlooked that UNO is merely a vehicle for the expression and execution of the will of the sovereign states which are its members.

It will stand or fall not because of inherent mechanical defects in its by-laws and constitution but because of the will or the lack of it on the part of the member governments (above all those three which together contributed most toward winning the war and which alone can enforce conditions of peace) to submerge their national rivalries and get along together for the sake of the common good.

That will not be an easy task. There are bitter and vital rivalries between Britain and the Soviets in the Middle East, where Europe and Asia have met in uneasy contact from time immemorial



**It's a new kind of diplomacy with no holds barred, and it has jolted most of us. Still, it may lead to Wilson's ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at"**

and where the policy of the labor government in England and the policy of the Kremlin do not differ very much from the traditional policies of Britain's Tory Empire Builders and the Czars of Imperial Russia.

Nor are these conflicts any less troublesome than those which are likely to arise between Stalin's expansionist, security-seeking nation and the United States in the Far East, where American and Soviet spheres impinge. For the

present, however, these clashes of national interest have been subordinated because Russia finds it expedient to center her attack on the weakest member of the triumvirate of victorious major powers.

However perfect the mechanism established by the United Nations for the preservation of peace and security, it could hardly be expected to function smoothly until some sort of stable peace has been established in Europe in which the old balance of power has been destroyed. With France crippled, Germany virtually destroyed as a military power, and the United States ready to withdraw from Europe at the first opportunity, there's no authoritative voice left in Europe save Stalin's, unless Britain can hold her empire together and cement friendship and (Continued on page 36)

BY RAYMOND DANIELL



# HOMES • for VETS •



**D**own in Dallas, Texas, veterans are building homes for other veterans—and they're turning them out faster, cheaper and better than established construction firms believed possible.

Ex-GI's in every State in the Union are in a position to help solve the veteran housing problem in the same way.

The Dallas veterans formed their own corporation last January 15th and called it the GI Construction Company.

They began their first five homes in early February and expect to complete a total of 400 before the end of the year.

They figure on an elapsed time of only six weeks from the day the plans go on the architects' drawing board until the veteran and his family move into their new home. All the veteran has to do is to tell them what kind of house he wants

and to decide which loan agency he'd like to deal with. The next step for him is to hire a van and move his belongings into the new home.

Most of the homes being turned out by the company fall into a \$5,000 to \$7,200 bracket, which includes the original cost of land and improvements.

A check of houses currently for sale in Dallas reveals that this price is \$400 to \$1,100 below what veterans are paying for similar homes built by established construction firms; and in all cases is well below the footage ceiling prices authorized under the GI Bill of Rights.

The three World War II veterans who formed the GI Construction Company are Robert L. Mauldin, former Seabee Chief Petty Officer, President; Merlin S.

Boyd, former Technical Sergeant, Army Engineers, Vice-President; and Fred L. Galbrath, former Army Air Forces pilot, Secretary and Treasurer.

Mauldin served overseas with the Seabees for 29 months. A salty, weather-beaten, life-long construction man, he learned in the Seabees how to accomplish the "impossible" by combining know-how, ingenuity, guts and the will to work. He's using those same principles in the GI Construction Company, and they work as well in Dallas as they did on Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Saipan and Okinawa.

Mauldin received his honorable discharge last November.

"I took a quick look around," he said, "and about the first thing I saw was veterans looking for jobs and for homes.



# by VETS

I did a little figuring on that. Jobs and homes. 'Hell,' I told myself, 'I can build homes and provide jobs at the same time.'"

With about \$8,000 capital, saved up from former civilian days and long months on isolated Pacific outposts, Mauldin set out to buy equipment.

Wherever he went the dealers gave him the same story. "We don't have any and we don't know when we'll get any."

It took very little of this to convince Mauldin that the usual civilian channels couldn't supply the equipment he needed, so he began inquiring about Army and Navy surplus. Other GI's in the Dallas area had the answer to that: "There's plenty of surplus equipment and veterans are supposed to get priority," they said, "but when you get around to actually buying it there's so damned much red tape you can't get to first base."

That was an old story to ex-Seabee Mauldin. He figured the first thing was to find out just where first base was. He



**To Build for Their Buddies Texas Veterans**

**Show the Way With Seabee Tactics,**

**G. I. Priorities...and Guts**

**By DAVID STICK**

found it in the regional offices of the Surplus Commodity Board in Fort Worth, Texas.

Mauldin went over to Fort Worth and told his story. The surplus men listened attentively, then showed him a voluminous list of surplus equipment. Mauldin checked the items which seemed to meet his needs and then started on a tour of Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana to get a first hand look at the equipment. In each case the Fort Worth Surplus office froze the specific item or items until Mauldin could see for himself. Most of it was too big, too small, too expensive, or too badly beaten up. But before returning to Dallas he spent his \$8,000, and he came back with a caterpillar tractor, a bulldozer, two concrete mixers, a gasoline road roller, (Continued on page 33)





# SHOWDOWN at TRES PINOS

**S**HERIFF JIM CRANE folded the letter carefully and pushed it out of sight in his desk drawer. He got up heavily, feeling the weight of his fifty years as he crossed the room and took down his gun belt from its supporting hook. There was little time left to him . . . and he was suddenly sorry he had not waited for his deputy to return from Las Palmas before making his decision.

He slid the walnut-butted .45 out of its worn holster, checked the loads in

**The man with the fastest six-gun**

**made the Law in the Rio Seco Country**

the chamber, and replaced it. The feel of its weight against his thigh was familiar. But regret went through him as he felt the stiffness of his fingers, the numbness in his forearm.

The fading afternoon sun warmed his grizzled, square-hewn face as he stepped out on the boardwalk. He knew this would be the last time he'd close the law office door, and the knowledge lay heavy inside him.

A buckboard crossed in front of him, momentarily hiding the slack-hipped sorrel across the street. Dust settled slowly in the heat of Tres Pinos. Behind the three riders jogging in from the south trail the sere hills of the San Sabas made a backdrop. Except for these men the scene held the stillness of a picture postcard. . . .

The sheriff's gaze lingered on the sorrel. Then his eyes shifted to the slim-hipped man who came out of Vinson's General Store and started toward the cayuse.

He was a lean cowpoke, not more than average height, wider across the shoulders than most men his size—and he limped perceptibly. But there was something felinely graceful even in his limp—and the Dragoon on his right hip hung

low—and thonged down.

Sheriff Crane felt his palms grow moist as he watched the man. He felt suddenly trapped—and almost he regretted his decision. Without haste he took a cigar from his vest pocket, bit off one end and lighted it.

The limping stranger transferred his purchases to the saddle pack on the sorrel's cante.

**and the Sheriff didn't have it, so . . .**

He seemed in no hurry. When he finished he reached into his dusty black shirt pocket for the makings. The sheriff saw him frown, draw his hand away empty, and start back for the store.

Sighing, the lawman shifted his gun belt to easier setting on his broad hips. He cursed his sense of duty as he headed across the street—and the irony of it drew a flat smile that twisted around the black cigar.

As he passed the sorrel his trained glance took in the sweaty coat, the red dust that confirmed the desert trail to town. The sorrel blew noisily at him and watched him through unfriendly eyes—and Sheriff Crane had the sudden irrelevant thought he would have liked to have owned that animal.

Down the street three riders entered Tres Pinos and split as they drew abreast of the store. One of them, a beanpole of a man with a hawk face, said: "We'll wait for you in the Three Deuces, Tally," and rode on up the street with his companion. The other, nodding shortly, swung a big bay toward the store hitch-rack.

Sheriff Crane got his back against the



Illustrated by  
HERBERT M. STOOPS

store side and watched this man dismount beside the sorrel. The man dropped reins over the trimmed cross pole, ducked under it, and came up the two steps to the boardwalk. He was a broad, solid-bodied man with a bullet head—facing Crane his eyes barely levelled on the six foot lawman's Adam's





BY BARRY CORD

apple.

He said: "Taking the sun, Crane?" and there was a sneer in his voice, a contemptuous edge that made the lawman bunch up inside. For a split second he was deaf to the cautioning voice inside him. Then the flat reply stillbirthed on his lips, and he shrugged.

Tally Jackson's sneer pushed across his wide, beard-stubbed face. "I'm settlin' an argiment with Sam Vinson inside," he said. "Keep out of it, Crane."

He turned on his heel without waiting for Crane's reply. Tally Jackson walked like a bear, with a deceptive shamle—and he carried his guns cross-

The gun went off with a roar and then the stranger hit Jackson again

belted, butts facing each other across his flat stomach. There wasn't a faster man with guns in the Rio Seco country—nor, thought Crane, a man quicker to use them. (Continued on page 52)



# What you'll find at a **DUDE**

This is about dude ranches. Dude ranching is one way to spend a Western vacation, and it has its own special appeals. Some folks watch the mountains whiz by their train windows en route to Hollywood, then say they've seen the Rockies and the cattle country. Others do the same by plane or bus. Then there are those who sleep the mountain morning away and do their living at night-time Reno's gaming tables. It would take a lot of selling to entice them to a dude ranch.

Even for you who rate the freshness and vigor of the outdoors first there are many ways of getting them according to your particular taste. You can knock about in a trailer if you want to see a lot. If you like mountain climbing, go and climb mountains—and you have the length and breadth of the Rockies, Sierras, Coast Ranges, Olympics, Wasatch and many more to choose from. Maybe you like comfort and ease first, and fresh air second. If cost is no object you can go hotelling in the high altitudes all summer, with golf and genteel riding in the daytime and full-dress evenings.

But if you want to ride the range, live ranch life, and be part of the West, the dude ranch is it. It's the place to live high, wide and handsome from the peace-filled hush of frosty dawn to



**Maybe you like genteel living or night  
life with your mountains, but in any case  
here's the score on going Western...**

**Nope, This Isn't Cowboy Life, But Some  
Ranches Have Pools Like the One Below**



the still, crisp, star-dusted hours of night.

Dude ranches were born in the cowboy country when rangeland folks began to share the life they lead with their friends. The dude ranch is a modified ranch today, but it is real ranch and its first job is as an operating cattle, sheep, horse or hay ranch. It accommodates guests as a sideline, and its reality is what makes it attractive.

The operators of these places are often the descendants of the pioneers who first settled the range. They are grand Americans, hospitable and sincere; anxious, as hosts as well as businessmen, that you have all the fun possible.

If you like horses you will like a dude ranch, whether or not you consider yourself an expert equestrian. If you don't like horses there is still plenty to do, but



# RANCH



**BY ARTHUR H. CARHART**

**If You Like Horses You'll Like a Dude Ranch,  
Trail Riding Is the Number One Range Sport**

dude ranches are real ranches and the horse is a mighty important part of everyday life.

But the dude ranch guest won't be a cowboy or a bronco-buster, for no genuine cattleman wants even his regular hands chousing flesh off beef critters that are marketed next autumn. The stock is on summer range, way back in the hills. Nor is a ranch going to risk a paying customer on an outlaw bronc. Again the ordinary ranch hands leave that job to a seasoned bronc stomper. Actual round-ups, cutting herds, branding, occur in the spring before the dude season opens, or late in the fall after guests have left. Some ranches do advertise that they invite guests to "work cattle," but that is special stock held at the home range for that purpose. Don't be disappointed; there are plenty of other things to do besides roping steers and busting wild horses.

When you arrive you probably are wearing an everyday suit. By next morning, you likely will be in copper riveted bibless overalls, a western shirt and maybe boots and a big hat. That's standard wear at a ranch for all guests, and you can wear it out on the trail *and* at the evening dance. The wardrobe is a real economy that the ranch offers you over the other vacation centers.

The chances are you will have (*Continued on page 43*)







# STRICTLY STINKY

BY  
JACK  
CLUETT

**Hold your nose, says author Cluett,  
warning us against perfume bottles**

## in Milord's Medicine Chest

There is sufficient cause for World War III already, even if I have to start it myself—and I probably won't have to. What I'm talking about is male daintiness, and perfume for men in particular. Since mid-1945 too many American men have been lolling in bubble-baths, dabbing five-dollar-an-ounce perfume on their ear lobes and exuding essence of *fleur de lis*. It's all a gross invitation for another Pearl Harbor. No matter how strong a nation's armed forces may be, if its male population goes around steeped in *eau de cologne* and lavender water it is bound to be attacked in the long run. The enemy will probably strike sometime between six p.m. and Valen-

tine's Day, when the boys are squirting themselves with toilet water, and getting prettied up for billiards or poker. The smell of burning gunpowder and brick dust mingled with sachet and men's bath talc will be terrifying at least and probably nauseating.

True, we have never lost a war, but neither has our manhood smelled like a sissy before. Our hairy-chested lads never went beyond bay rum or witch hazel in the days of our strength. I recall that during prohibition the hostess might offer you *Aqua Velva* and orange-juice, mixed, or a bottle of *Ed Pinaud's* and ginger ale, mixed, with a twist of

lemon peel. But anyone who wasted it on his hair was crazy. It was strictly to keep the ulcers company.

The ad industry has been busy unseating man's natural apathy toward female love-potion with three subtle approaches.

First sissy-juice has been camouflaged in mannish-looking bottles, jugs and flacons. Second, the odoriferous contents are described in ad copy in virile rather than amorous terms. Third, the oceans of lotions and potions have been dubbed with he-man sounding names.

For example you might be led to suppose that four items put out by *L'Orle*—saddle tan flacon with check rein, green flacon with polo field, blue flacon with El Rancho and (Continued on page 40)





International Champion Afghan Hound... Rudski of Prides Hill. Owner: Marion Florsheim

## "Looks like the boss got himself a prize, too"

NICE thing about *this* prize is—anyone can walk off with it! You *just* decide to treat yourself to a glorious Calvert highball, and the prize is yours!

Considering that Calvert is *the real thing*

in whiskey, that's a very nice state of affairs indeed. For this wonderfully rich, mellow blend is simply beyond imitation!

How come? Well, we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller

in America. And that experience counts!

How about awarding *yourself* a grand prize tonight? Just be sure your highball is made with Calvert.

. . . . . **It's the real thing!**

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**





# Blatz Beer

*Good Taste*  
That is  
Fascinating



You, too, will be fascinated with the smooth, mellow goodness of Blatz Beer, just as millions of Americans have been for nearly a century.

And you'll find that Blatz today exemplifies the peak perfection of the brewing art . . . never sharp . . . never bitter . . . always just as you like it. Next time and every time you want real enjoyment, ask for Blatz.

And if by chance there's none available . . . remember to ask again for the beer that's fast becoming America's Good Taste Favorite . . . Blatz.



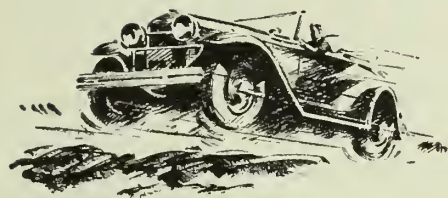


# The

# Red

"I don't want my daughter killed, so you stay away from her," Pop told the young Redhead

# Roadster



dipped considerably, forming a rather high bank, similar to the way toboggan curves are banked, although not so sharply, of

One Sunday about noon, the fourth day after we moved into our new home in the suburbs, we were sitting on the porch, enjoying the warm sun.

"We" was mom and pop and my older sister, and me, of course, aged 7.

Pop was just saying how he was going to put in a hedge when we heard this awful racket.

It sounded like a car horn, except it wasn't like any horn you ever heard before. It was something between the bawl of a calf and the howl of a dog. It

started off sort of low, warming up like a siren to a mighty "Bla-a-a-ah" and then tapered off in a low, mournful howl.

Whatever it was, it was headed our way.

We had all gotten to our feet, looking and listening. Then over the hill it came. It was a red car, a roadster, and it seemed almost to be flying along just above the ground.

Our house was built on an acre of ground, and two gravel roads intersected out front. One side of the road

course.

When the red car hit that curve I got a glimpse of a mop of red hair, and then the whole scene was obscured in a cloud of gravel dust.

I don't know to this day how he did it, but out of that cloud emerged the red-head and his red car, going top speed, the horn wailing.

A cloud of white gravel dust rolled across our yard and onto our front porch.

We choked (*Continued on page 29*)

BY ALLAN PARIS



"Hello," she said in a little voice.  
"Work clothes," Howard said weakly



Here's how to get around the clothing shortage.

You start with a business suit, acquire a sports jacket and slacks, and from there on you improvise with easy-to-get novelties



the middle button only is buttoned, giving the whole a neat, comfortable appearance, and permitting the jacket to fall in trim lines. The price of such an outfit should be around \$25 for jacket and one pair of trousers. Just try and get two pairs of trousers. Single-breasted

from the three-button series so long in our midst.

There are a very few tropical worsteds and gabardines in the field, and flannels are also available in limited amounts—

## Your Summer Wardrobe

BY EDWARD RUTTENBER

**O**ddities in men's style are pretty much out, and the extremist hasn't much of a chance this summer. The man who wants to dress smartly will have a hunt on his hands too, for men's wear shortages will run through 1946 and possibly through the early months of 1947. It is best in building a summer wardrobe to settle in the simplest possible terms.

Every man must have at least one staple summer suit, an outfit that will pass inspection anywhere. One of the best bets in this group is the suit of spun rayon, a type of garment that can probably be secured in the average well-stocked store. Rayon has traveled far and fast in the last few years, acquiring attractive qualities as it progressed. Today it is hard to tell a rayon garment from the tropical worsted, now scarce and long dear to the hearts of men who dress for the summer season. In rayon men's suits the choice is wide and interesting. The most popular series features a light stripe on a solid background of blue or brown. I mention these two colors because men accept them regularly, and they are in good taste anywhere. Men with a flair for dressier clothing will find a double-breasted three-button model in their favorite clothing stores. As a rule

models are also available.

Both the single and double-breasted jackets are slightly longer than they were during the reign of wartime restrictions, but are still a trifle shorter than during the pre-war period. Drape has returned to the 1946 models, ranging from moderate to full across the chest. Waists are modestly suppressed and backs are fairly straight.

There's something new in buttons. The two-button jacket is the latest thing in single-breasted jackets, as distinguished

but the strictly summer suit is lighter in weight than any of the last-mentioned.

One step beyond the summer suit is the summer "sport" outfit, which isn't necessarily worn for sport, but is primarily gayer and more informal than the staple suit. Many men will rush into a sports jacket and slacks in early summer and maintain this standard of dress throughout the season. Sports jackets are now available in very light fabrics, markedly different from the similar type of clothing which once served the same purpose in winter and summer. Designers of fabric have achieved some un-





usual results with combinations of small, neat patterns. Color is the dominant factor in sports jackets this season and the stylish man will wear solid-color slacks unless he wishes some joshing from the sartorially wise in his neighborhood. Sports jackets are straighter and looser than the suit jacket, and just a bit longer. Bold plaids and checks are giving way to more subdued effects.

Emphasis on color increases at the gay summer function, the outdoor fiesta, the backyard barbecue, the beach party. Gear is in keeping with the Mardi-Gras spirit. Yellow and gray are the approved color combination for accessories, endorsed by best fashion sources. Yellow sports shirts will be much in evidence, and even yellow cardigan and Norfolk type jackets are approved for hours of relaxation.

Once considered a very daring color, yellow has become every man's friend, and its newly accepted virtues bring joy to the hearts of the color fans. In the paler shades yellow modestly masquerades as "marigold," or some similar term that softens the blow for timid souls. There are yellow and grey striped jackets and robes for the beach, made up in cotton, rayon or wool. There are matching sets of swim-shorts and shirts.

The cardigan type jacket in particular has come along with mighty strides. There is a complete absence of collar and lapels on the cardigan, a desirable summer feature. Worn with the shirt collar open the effect is Byronic, or, perhaps, Hollywoodian, something that the younger and sportier blades will go for.

The sports shoe is back with us this summer after a long period of absence. The moccasin is the approved style for 1946, and there is a knockabout style of moccasin for beach and casual wear as well as a dressier model in tan on white buck.

The popular hat for '46 summer-wear is one with a flexible weave, such as the Panama. The hatters have been hard pressed to secure the essential fibers but have managed to give us something that will pass inspection. The Madagascar weave, an import from that island, is well out in front, possibly because the hat men have been able to get the materials.

All in all, while the choice isn't wide, variety is coming back in men's wear.





# PRICE OF LEADERSHIP



**BY JOHN STELLE**

**National Commander  
The American Legion**

For the first time in our history we find ourselves with a preponderance of the population having experience of wars. There is scarcely a city block in our country where you can find a family without direct connection with the two World Wars of this, the Twentieth Century.

Those of us who have reached the middle age in life, and this includes all of the veterans of World War I, have seen a strange approach to the desired goal of peace. For we saw this government divorce itself from its purely internal concern for well-being when the first Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world to proclaim that we had come of age—that we intended thenceforth to be heard whenever matters of world interest were being discussed.

Our Nation has followed that pattern rather continuously since the administration of Teddy Roosevelt. The course of international affairs has taken us into two World Wars since that time. In each of these wars our Nation has performed remarkably well. Our aim has been to deny the merit of the claims of those who would apply brute force as a guiding policy. We have been successful in applying the theory that the bully does no better in world affairs than as the ruler of the neighborhood in which we, and our families, live.

At the end of the fighting in World War II, as in the previous World War, our Nation found itself with tremendous responsibilities. Having the resources and the knowledge for immense delivery of agricultural and industrial production, we were called upon to feed the starving peoples of all the world.

And in the welter of international confusion we were called upon to pit our standards of decent living—standards set forth when we became a Republic—against all of the ideologies of the rest of the world.

In the words of the classical theological scholars, we cannot hope to find true peace without experiencing burdens; we must not feel that all is well if we have no adversaries; we have not reached perfection if everything is done as we would have it.

What, then, would The American Legion desire? What is

our concept of the things necessary? In detail we have expressed our aims at each of our national conventions. These—our mandates—cover many subjects; they are the product of a meeting of minds from a representative cross-section of this Republic.

We said in 1941, at our Milwaukee Convention, that neutrality was an outmoded vehicle for international relations. Events have proved the wisdom of that declaration.

That means we are no longer in position to avoid the relations that bring us—from day to day—into direct discussions with the peoples of all the rest of the world.

Having accepted this responsibility in world affairs, what must we do at home?

Manifestly we are the strongest power extant. Only an ally in World War II, Russia, with all of her great integrated land mass and huge population, is in a position to develop strength comparable to ours.

Necessarily we must do the things essential to maintain the integrity of our own national housekeeping.

We must develop a foreign policy that clearly represents the thinking of those who have developed the United States as the hope of the world.

Our country must seek out and encourage those nations of the world whose aims are similar to ours.

Above all we must be militarily secure. If we are to develop further our capacity as a leader among the nations of the world then we must have the wherewithal. From now on we shall be dealing with all manner of men—and with vastly differing concepts of what is good for the world.

If our strength is to be used practically (if we are not to be reduced to the position of do-gooders) then we must have a military force capable of backing every declaration or commitment we sign. If we do less, the dead of all our wars will rest uneasy in their graves.

The lad from North Dakota, from Massachusetts, from Louisiana, has proved he is a realist in world affairs. Are we—who placed him in the uniform of Uncle Sam—to indicate now that everything we told him to do in time of war was wrong?



# YOUR CHANCES IN ADVERTISING

BY R. M. DOBIE

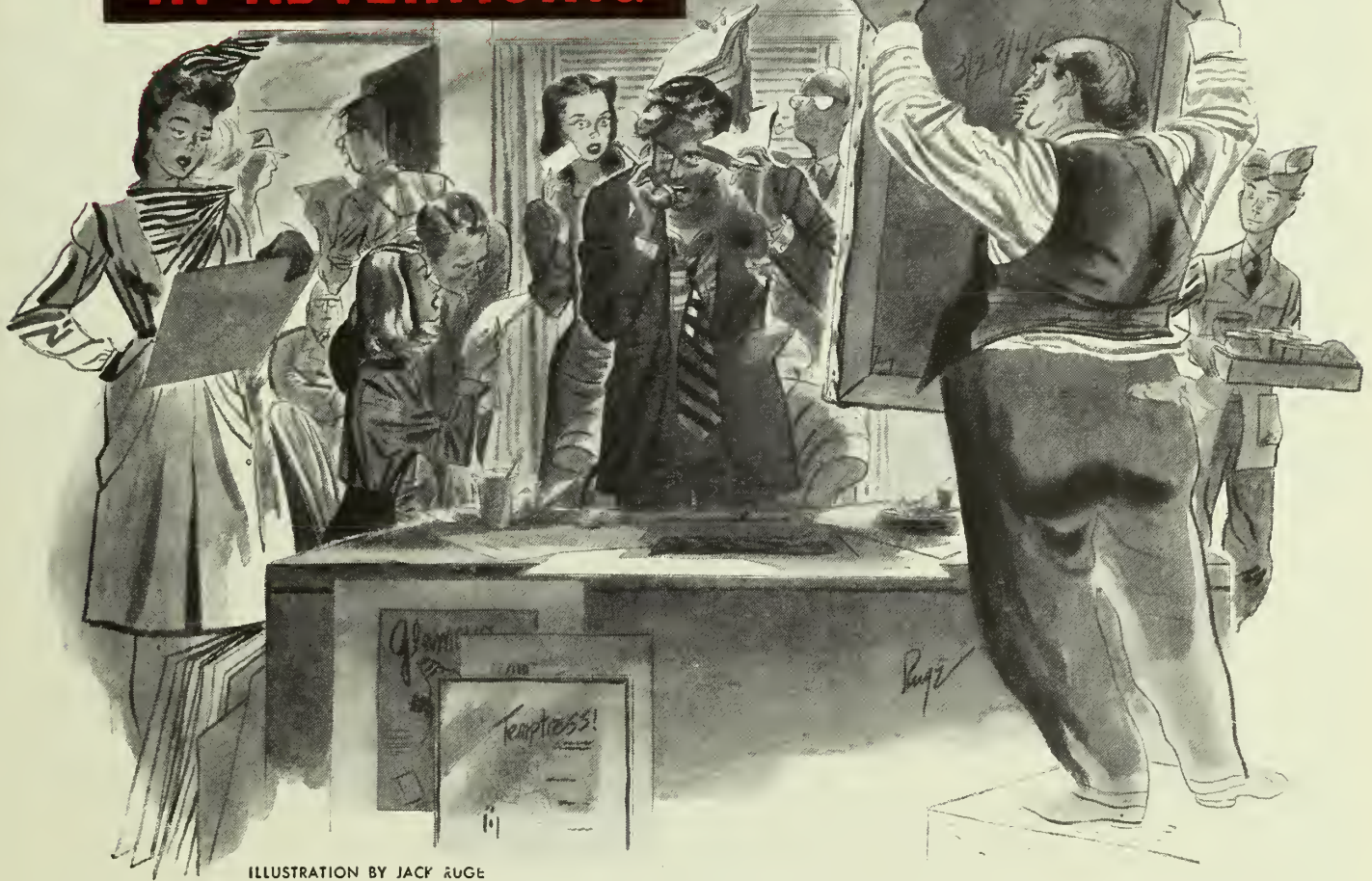


ILLUSTRATION BY JACK RUGE

The head of the radio department of a big advertising agency was asked if a young veteran could make money writing for radio. This is what he said:

"Five years ago I took a 20-year-old kid in here as a messenger. He made \$15 a week. Whenever he wasn't running errands, he'd beg for a chance to write gags for one of our radio shows. We let him try. The kid had talent. Pretty soon he began to click and in a few months gave up running messages and settled down to writing. Today that fellow makes \$1000 a week.

That's nice money in anybody's league. But before you start spending it, hear the other side of the story. Writing for radio, or any other branch of advertising is highly specialized. You must have a God-given flair for that sort of thing, plus a lot of luck and the kind of disposition that thrives under pressure.

**Here's the low down on job opportunities in this gilt-edged business and how you can break into the big time if you can prove you've got the stuff.**

The Advertising Federation of America estimated that not more than 60,000 persons are employed in the advertising business in this country. On the other hand, the medical profession has some 1,500,000 doctors and some 500,000 persons are in the banking business.

After V-J day about 30 New York companies and associations formed a non-profit organization called Veterans Guidance in Advertising to help veterans get jobs in advertising. Approximately 4000 men have filled out applications but only about 325 reported landing jobs. In advertising as in every other business, employers are reluctant to hire new help until they have provided for

their own veterans as they return.

So many ex-GI's have stormed the big advertising agencies looking for jobs, that many of the agencies have set up special committees to advise the job hunters.

The advertising agency is the toughest place of all in which to get started. Nowadays, trying to learn advertising in a big agency is like going to the manager of a big league baseball club and asking him to teach you to play ball. In advertising, as in baseball, it's best to start in the bush leagues. Usually, it's necessary.

Of the 60,000 people in advertising, only about 18,000 are working in advertising agencies. The rest are working on newspapers, magazines, in radio stations, stores, (Continued on page 45)



# THE LEGION'S DIAMOND MINE

**A**merican Legion Junior Baseball has hung up something new in the way of a record. A survey conducted by the Legion's National Americanism Commission reveals that 90 percent of the graduates of Junior Baseball saw active duty in the recent war.

In case you came in late, Legion baseball is a nationwide program of organized baseball for teenagers which has been going strong since 1926. It is the

ball, and a measure of these qualities is seldom obtained.

Over in the major leagues you'll see the Legion's diamond mine paying off in solid, measurable dollars to the boys themselves, and to the ball clubs—and paying off in solid pleasure to baseball fans.

This year there are more than 300 Legion graduates on major league rosters. The (Continued on page 49)

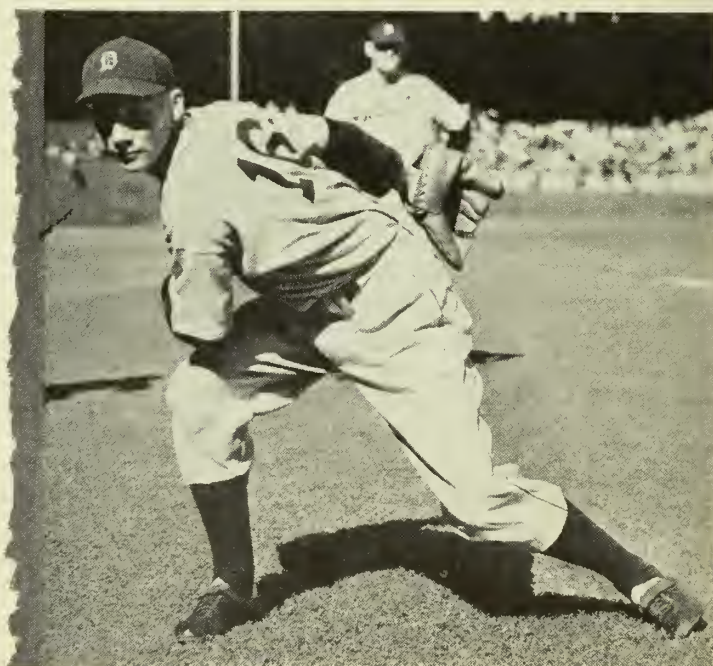


**Big league scouts are again picking up real gems in the lots where American Legion Junior Baseball is played. The kids are going on to join the hundreds already performing brilliantly in the major leagues**

**BY HERB GRAFFIS**

major league for youngsters, and last year it included 5,000 teams, promoted or sponsored by Posts from coast to coast. Far more than a baseball organization, Legion Junior Baseball is a citizenship-training organization in which, during the past ten years, over four million youngsters have fought to make their local first teams. The competition and coaching of teams is such that the fifteen youths who finally make their Post's starting lineup are skilled not only in the ways of baseball, but in the ways of behavior that lead to responsible citizenship and community leadership.

The war record of JB graduates is an impressive one, and a rare kind of evidence of the value of the Legion program. Only 10 percent of the Legion's army of baseball-playing citizens were rejected by the armed forces at the same time that 43 percent of the youth of the nation were ruled out. This is tangible proof that Legion baseball is a diamond mine not only for the big leagues, as has long been known, but for the nation. The American Legion takes its biggest measure of pride in its program from that sort of evidence. It is proof of success in manhood and citizenship, which are the major aims of Legion



**Peewee Reese (top) and Hal Newhouser, two former Legion ball-players. Hal and Bob Feller earn top money for pitching this year**



Ohio Boys' Staters as they arrived to put into practice what they'd learned about government. Below, the Supreme Court of the West Virginia camp sits for its portrait

Back again in all its peacetime glory comes one of The American Legion's greatest institutions—the Boys' State.

Throughout this great land thousands of high school youths this year look forward to their coming experiences in these miniature republics. And while they are looking forward to participating in experimental government, other thousands who had this experience in years gone by look back and realize that by participation in it they had a practical application of the system favored by Dickens's Mr. Squeers, who set his pupils at work to learn by doing.



**Boys' State swings back into action  
this year to give thousands  
of high school youths a work-  
ing knowledge of Americanism**

Among those who are looking back is Theron H. Arnett, a native of Kansas and a Sunflower Boys' Stater in 1938. He may be used as an example of the thousands of graduates of Boys' States, because his story is that of youngsters who cherish their Boys' State experiences and would not trade them for anything in the world.

A lot of non-veterans and maybe a lot of the newer Legionnaires who are just back from war service may well ask: "Just what is this Boys' State thing?" So before we get into the story of a representative old grad, let's take a quick peep behind the scenes at this great Legion program.

Boys' State can best be defined as an intensive course in government and democracy where each citizen of the junior state exercises his privilege and assumes the responsibility of complete citizenship. It may be called a laboratory method of teaching practical political science.

Boys' States are not run as summer camps, or a (*Continued on next page*)



**Scale Model  
OF  
DEMOCRACY**

**BY WALTER NAUGHTON**



series of camps, where a group of youngsters get together and have a good time. There's plenty of play and recreation, but there's also work and responsibility for every citizen. High school youths who are eligible to attend are selected on the basis of scholarship, leadership and other qualities. And although The American Legion in 40 of its Departments assumes the responsibility of sponsoring and conducting the States, patriotic, civic, fraternal, educational and religious organizations serve as co-sponsors with Legion Posts in selecting the boys. In each case all expenses of the boy, whether he's selected by a Legion Post or by a co-operating group, are paid by the sponsor.

The camps are set up in a centrally located part of the home State, usually on a college or university campus, state fair ground or 4-H center, and with an enrollment of from 200 to 1400, varying according to the size of the sponsoring Legion Department and the facilities available. But always care is taken that each section of the home State is represented.

Transportation to and from the camps is provided by train or bus. The fledgling citizens arrive on a fixed date under the watchful eyes of Legionnaires and counselors who are their guides and mentors. Then, after passing through the line for medical and physical inspection the lads are set about forming their own government under competent direction. Municipal, county and state governments are organized by the election of the officers and set in motion, and for the next week or ten days these youthful citizens receive training for useful practice in administration of government.

The political campaigns are conducted with great sincerity and a member of the home State Supreme Court, or some other state official, administers the oath of office. Special lectures are delivered by experienced governmental officials or professional leaders. The adult administrators of the camp, the counselors and directors,



"TIMBER!"

## THE VETERAN'S OBLIGATION

**M**UCH has been written about the obligation of the public to the returning veteran but little has been said about the obligation of the veteran.

A great deal has been said about what this country owes the veteran. On this point there is no argument. This country owes its very life.

No thinking person will deny that the returning veteran deserves the opportunity to establish or re-establish himself into the pattern of civilian life.

This is his inalienable right. It is his birthright as an American citizen but he must not forget that he too has an obligation.

The veteran has an obligation to himself. He has an obligation to his city, his state and to the country for which he fought. He has an obligation to the people who would assist him in the re-establishment of his civilian pursuits.

The GI Bill of Rights was fathered by the American Legion to make sure the government did not forget the boys of 1945 as they forgot the boys of 1918. Agencies have been set up throughout the United States to give aid and assistance to the returning veteran. Cities, large and small, have established units to give information and assistance to the returning veteran.

The American public has opened its arms and hearts to the returning veteran. This great nation is anxious to aid and assist the returning veteran but the veteran must also aid and assist himself.

He must readjust his thinking to the ways of the civilian mind. He must remember he is no longer a soldier, a sailor or a marine. He will get an even break in civilian life if he will remember that his own success depends on his own initiative, his own brainpower and his own ability to make every opportunity count.

If he goes back to his old job he must remember he has been out of touch with civilian life for several years.

He must not forget he has an obligation to his employer and that his employer is willing to give him more than an even break.

The veteran must not lose sight of the fact that civilian business has not changed much since he donned the uniform of his country and marched off to fight the war. That business is to make money.

This is still America and there is still opportunity for those who want to take advantage of it. When that opportunity knocks the veteran shouldn't be brooding in a dark corner where he can't hear it.

Remember, veteran, your obligation to yourself, your family, your employer and your country. You served them well in war—you can also serve them well in peace.—*By Bob McMillin*

are chosen because of their success as youth leaders.

Boys' State citizens discuss problems they will meet in later life. They exchange ideas and views. They hear addresses delivered by authorities in government—from the Governor, Supreme Court Justices, and other elected officials, each dealing specifically with the duties and responsibilities of the office to which he has been chosen. Practical instruction is given by representatives of governmental agencies.

That, in brief, is Boys' State.

The idea originated with the Legion in the Department of Illinois back in 1935, when leaders in the youth movement in that Department were puzzling their heads for something new and challenging to attract youth interest. The first Boys' State was convened at Springfield in June, 1935, with more than 200 selected high school juniors and seniors in attendance, drawn under the sponsorship plan from every section of the State. The experimental session, planned, sponsored and paid for by the Illinois Legion, was so successful that the idea was promptly appropriated by the

Legion national organization as a national program.

Many organizations conduct summer camps and recreation centers for boys, but the Legion's National Americanism Commission wanted to do something different. Illinois supplied the answer. Boys' State was the result.

Three Legion Departments, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, joined Illinois to pioneer the Boy's State program in 1936. The imposing list grew to 24 in 1939 and then reached a grand total of 35 in 1940. Came the war years. The progress of the movement was retarded, though in 1944 twenty-three States were held. In 1945 the ODT order forbidding travel within Departments caused suspension of virtually all of the established Boys' States.

Now, with the war won and restrictions removed, Boys' State is back again bigger, better and with more Legion Departments participating than ever before. In addition, there are hundreds of old grads, who earned membership in The American Legion by their service in World War II. They will be head over heels in the work, and



they know the answers—the value and practical benefits of the intensive course in government and citizenship to be had in the junior State.

And now, to show what Boys' State does for its members let's get back to the typical old grad, Theron Arnett, mentioned earlier.

Arnett first heard of the Boys' State when he was a 17-year-old junior in high school in his native city of Wichita, Kansas. The Lions Club of that city sponsored him in 1938, and his record at the Sunflower Boys' State that year was excellent.

He returned the next year as a junior counselor, and went back again as senior counselor in 1940. He helped organize the Kansas Boys' State Club—an organization of Sunflower alumni—and was vice president when Japan started to pick on our Uncle Samuel.

Arnett, who had been recently married, was then studying at Friends University, Wichita, for a career in dentistry. Like thousands of other lads with Boys' State training, he dropped his books and got into uniform. He chose the Air Corps when he enlisted.

In the European theater, as radio operator and gunner on a B-17, Technical Sergeant Arnett made 12 successful missions over Germany. On the thirteenth mission, on Friday, October 13th, his plane was shot down over Blieshammer, Germany. Captured, he spent months in a Gestapo prison camp, and was once lined up with other airmen before a firing squad. He suffered from cold and short rations, and his weight dropped from 160 to 120 pounds. Life seemed to hold little for him and his fellow Americans.

Release came when General Patton's tanks came rolling down on his prison camp on April 29, 1945. He had been reported missing in action for a year.

Back home again wearing the Air Medal, Purple Heart, Presidential Citation ribbon and an assortment of campaign ribbons, his health restored to normal, he has realized his ambition to study dentistry, his pre-war aim.

He has enrolled in the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, in the College of Dentistry, and will take his four years' course under the provisions of The American Legion sponsored GI Bill of Rights.

"Here again I owe my thanks to The American Legion," Arnett says. "Writing and sponsoring this legislation while we were away was the greatest thing in the world that the Legion could do for the men and women of World War II."

Today, Theron Arnett, a typical American youth, is happy, healthy and contented. He looks back on his school days, his three years with Boys' State in Kansas and on his wartime experiences. He feels that they have combined to give him a solid and substantial background for the years to come.

## THE RED ROADSTER

(Continued from page 21)

and waved our hands at it and Pop spluttered:

"What in tarnation's name was that?"

"It was a boy," my big sister said. "A red headed boy."

There was a funny note in her voice, and I looked at her. I couldn't figure out girls then, and I haven't learned much since.

"A boy, eh?" Pop said. "Probably the village idiot."

"Look," I said. "He stopped at the top of the hill."

Sure enough, we could see the red roadster parked in front of the house on top of the hill, a half mile away.

"Don't tell me," Pop groaned, "that madman lives *next door*!"

"Bobby," my big sister said, pulling me into the house. "Why don't you get acquainted with our neighbors?"

My big sister sure was acting funny. She had cried for a week when Pop announced we were leaving the city and moving out into the country. She said he was ruining her life, separating her from her friends, and dooming her to practically a hermit's life.

"Go on, Bobby," she said. "Maybe they've got a pony."

Well that did it. If there was one thing I wanted, it was a pony. Pop said I was too little, but a lot he knew about it. Maybe the neighbors did have a pony.

There didn't seem to be anybody around the neighbor's house. They had a big place, about five acres I guessed, and four chicken houses scattered over their ground. I heard somebody whistling from one of the chicken houses. I went out to it and peeked through a window.

The red-haired boy saw me. He came over to the door and opened it.

"Come on in, boy," he said.

I had never been in a chicken house before, and I entered timidly, glancing about

fearfully at what seemed to be hundreds of white chickens pecking and scratching in the straw.

"What's your name?" the red head said.

"Bobby," I said. "I'm seven."

The red head laughed.

"I'm Howard," he said. "I'm eighteen."

"Did you ever see a hen's nest?" he said.

"No sir," I said.

"I'm no 'sir,'" he said. "I'm Howard."

He took me to the rear of the chicken house and pointed to a box. There was a big chicken sitting in it. He reached down and lifted the chicken up. It pecked at him but he didn't seem to mind.

"Reach under there," he said.

I put my hand under the chicken. There were eggs under there. About 12 of them, and they were warm.

"Gee," I said.

"You're the city boy, aren't you?" Howard said.

"Yes sir," I said. "I mean yes . . . Howard."

"You've got a sister, haven't you?" he said.

He had gone back to work when he said this, forking straw on the floor.

"Yeah," I said. "She's 17."

I watched Howard work. He picked up a bale of straw, threw it on his shoulder, and carried it to the back of the chicken house. His shirt was torn near the shoulder, and I could see his muscles.

"Gosh, you're strong," I said. "I bet you're almost as strong as my Pop."

Howard threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, I'm not *that* strong," he said.

"You live here?" I said.

"Nope," he said. "I live about a mile from here. I just work for Mr. Miller. He owns this ranch."

"Is that your car?" I asked.

Howard's face brightened.

"It sure is. Like to take a ride in it?"

After he finished his work we went out to the car and got in. He started the en-



"Hey, Ed, this'll slay ya!"



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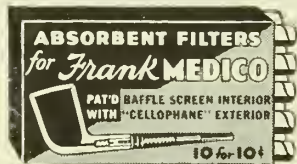
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gine and it roared like an airplane. We started down the road at top speed, the wind whipping our faces. We went down to the highway, and turned back on the road leading to my house. About half a mile away, Howard reached down and pulled a little lever beneath the dash board. The horn started wailing. We skidded around the curve in front of my house and stopped in rolling clouds of dust.

My family had run out on the porch.

"Come on in," I said, tugging Howard by the arm.

"I can't come in," he said. "I got my work clothes on."

But I had already pulled him half out of the car. We started up the walk. Freddy, our Scottie, dashed from beneath the porch. Freddy was a tough little dog, and lots of people were afraid of him. He liked to scare people, growling and snapping at their legs. He never bit anybody.

Howard just reached down and grabbed Freddy by the scruff of the neck and held him at arm's length, laughing at him.

Freddy was the most surprised dog you ever saw. Howard put him down, and Freddy ran under the porch, peering out at us with big, hurt eyes.

"Hello folks," I said. This is Howard."

"Well," said Pop. "How are you Howard? This is my wife, and my daughter."

Howard looked awfully red-faced. He shook hands with Pop and said how do you do to mom and then turned to my big sister.

They just stood there looking at each other. My big sister was kind of pretty, I guess.

"Hello," she said in a little voice.

"Work clothes," Howard said weakly, making a vague gesture.

"Tell me, Howard," Pop said. "Do you always drive like that?"

"Like what, sir?" Howard said.

"Like you were trying to commit suicide," Pop said.

Howard grinned, and his eyes sparkled.

"I've got a supercharger on the old bus. Put it in myself."

"Oh," Pop said, "a supercharger. That's nice."

Mom glanced at my big sister.

"Howard," Mom said. "Maybe you'd like to come to dinner? Say tomorrow night about seven?"

"Well, thanks," Howard said. "Thanks a lot."

After Howard left, my sister led me into the house and threw her arms around me and kissed me.

Howard came to dinner the next night. He was dressed in a blue suit and a white shirt and he looked big and scrubbed and handsome. He didn't say much. He and my sister kept sneaking glances at each other.

I saw a lot of Howard after that. He came over every night, and sometimes during the day, too. We were pals.

Pop always got a funny look on his face every time Howard suggested taking my sister for a spin. Pop would stand on the porch watching them shoot out of sight, shaking his head.

Sometimes they would take me along. I'd sit in the middle and we'd go sailing along the roads, the cool air in our faces. Howard would turn on his horn and I thought it was about the most wonderful sound I'd ever heard.

We'd come back and park in front of the house. Howard would say:

"Say, Bobby, isn't it about your bedtime?"

I'd start to protest, and my big sister would pinch me.

"Well," I'd say. "Guess it is. Got a big day tomorrow."

One night Howard and the whole family were sitting on the porch.

Howard's voice came out of the darkness:

"Mr. Arnold, I know where you can



"Look, Calanel—it's natch for me to keep on calling you Kernel—but, I'm just plain Mister to you now—see?"



buy a good pony, gentle as a kitten."

My heart began pounding so loud I thought the others would surely hear it. I could hardly breathe.

Pop took a long time answering.

"Well," he said. "I don't know. Bobbie's awfully young for a pony."

"This is an awfully gentle pony." Howard said. "I could teach Bobby to ride. I'd like to take you around to see it tomorrow."

"Guess it wouldn't hurt to look at it," Pop said.

When I went to bed that night I said the usual thing about blessing Mom and Pop and sister, and then I added Howard.

School was ten years long that day. I rushed home, arriving just as Pop and Howard were leaving in Howard's car. I wanted to go along but Pop said no. Pop looked sort of scared when he climbed into Howard's car.

They shot off, and I saw them go over the hill, Pop holding on to his hat with both hands.

They couldn't have been gone more than two hours, but it was awful. I sat in the kitchen with mom. She gave me a glass of milk and some cookies, but I couldn't eat. I just sat looking into space, thinking about that pony.

"Here they come," sister called from the porch. "Bobby!"

I flung myself to the porch. Down the road they came. This was many years ago, but I remember it as clearly and vividly as if it were yesterday. There is one great moment of youth, and this was mine.

They had tied the pony to the rear bumper of Howard's car.

"Bobby!" Howard called, standing up behind the wheel. "Oh you Bobby!"

I gave a little cry.

While I stood looking at my pony, Pop climbed out of the car. He said to Mom:

"Mother, is there any whiskey in the house? I need a drink."

"What's the matter?" Mom said.

"I aged ten years," Pop said. "The trip over was hell, sheer hell. I flew in the war, but I never experienced anything like that. I managed to regain some of my nerve during the trip back. But I still need a drink. Where's the whiskey?"

Howard taught me to ride my pony. He had a gentle and understanding way with boys and animals. He sensed that I was afraid and he didn't rush me. He'd lift me on the pony's back and lead it slowly around the yard until my confidence grew. Then he gave me the reins, and walked along beside me. In a few days I was trotting the pony around by myself. It was a supremely happy moment.

With the pony to occupy me, I spent less time with Howard, but he spent more and more time with my sister. Sometimes, riding about our place, I'd hear Howard a half mile away on the chicken ranch, whistling a tune. My sister would come



## *You, who have fought for this*

The rolling hills of Maryland . . . the wide plains of Kansas . . . the cool forests of Vermont and all the people and the way of life of this great country—that's what you men of the Legion have fought for in two world wars. Now arms and armor are being laid aside. But the victory you have won must still be guarded.

For that reason, you of the Legion adopted this resolution at the Twenty-seventh Annual Convention. "We recommend and urge the American Legion posts and departments to lend continuing and active support to the armed services to the end that the program for voluntary enlistment may be successfully accomplished."

To reach its goal of 1,550,000 men by July 1, 1946, your Regular Army needs the help of every Legionnaire. Many young men in your community look up to you and trust your judg-

ment. Tell them about the honorable and instructive career that awaits them in the Regular Army. About the educational opportunities, technical training, travel, retirement benefits, and opportunities for promotion. Yes, back up the country's need as you have so many times in the past. For only by an adequate, well-trained Regular Army of high-type young men supported by a well-trained Reserve and National Guard will you be sure that all you have fought for will be attained.

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out on the back porch and whistle the same tune back at him. She could whistle real good, for a girl. The song floated back and forth between them, and I thought how much it sounded like birds singing.

Howard had done a lot of work on his car and he roared about the roads at a remarkable speed. Every time he skidded to a halt in front of our house, my father's face grew angry. But he didn't say anything until one night when Howard brought my sister home after taking her for a ride in the country.

"Howard," he said. "You are a fine boy. I like you. I also like my daughter. I can't tell you how to drive when you're by yourself, but when you take my daughter with you, you will drive not more than 35 miles an hour. I have no intention of seeing my daughter wrapped around a tree. Do you understand? Thirty-five miles per hour. That, young man, is your speed limit."

Howard gulped. My father fastened him with a stern look.

"Yes sir," Howard said.

From then on Howard pulled up to our house at a stately pace. No more blaring of horn, no more great clouds of dust. Somehow I missed his old manner of charging up. It didn't seem like Howard.

But Pop liked it. He was very nice to Howard.

One evening Pop came home from work, very angry. His face was red as he stamped into the house.

"Mother!" he shouted. "When is our daughter coming home?"

"She's out with Howard," Mom said.

"I know *that*," Pop said. "I *saw* them. I got off the train when I saw this red car coming down the highway. It must have been doing sixty. It was Howard—and our daughter."

"Oh dear," said Mom.

Pop sat in a chair facing the door, waiting for them.

They came in, laughing.

"Howard," Pop said. "Were you racing on the highway this afternoon?"

"Yes sir," Howard said promptly.

"Well, at least you're not a liar. All right, Howard. No more dates with my daughter. That's final."

Howard looked at my sister, a long, sorrowful look.

"Yes sir," he said, and walked out and drove away.

Sister gave a great sob and dashed into her room and slammed the door. I could hear her crying.

"Dad!" Mom said. "He didn't mean to do it."

"I don't care what he meant," Pop said. "All I know is that I don't want to have my daughter killed. I am not going to discuss it."

The next week was terrible. I loved Pop, but I loved Howard, too. I was seven, and too old to cry where people could see



me, but out in the barn with my pony I could cry, and I did.

Sister wouldn't eat or talk. She avoided Pop. Her eyes were red all the time. Sometimes I thought Mom had been crying too.

"Dad," I heard Mom say one night. "Howard didn't mean anything. It's just that he is such a happy boy, so full of life, that he likes to speed. I'm sure he didn't deliberately break his word. He just can't help himself."

One evening I heard Howard whistling the tune from the chicken ranch. My sister came to the back porch and started to answer. Then she sobbed and went into the house.

It was like a sickness had descended upon our home. Sister pecked at her food and spent most of her time in her room. Mom tried to joke and laugh with me like she always did, but it was no use. I couldn't look at Pop. I didn't ride my pony all week. I couldn't. It made me think of Howard.

One night at the dinner table Pop glared at all of us and then slammed down his fork.

"All right, you," he said. "Okay. I give up. Here my wife is about to divorce me, my son won't speak to me and my daughter is starving herself to death. I give up. Let Howard come back. If my daughter winds up all wrapped around a tree I guess it's quicker. It's quicker than starving."

"Pop!" we all shouted, and flung ourselves on him.

I raced out of the house to tell Howard. I found him in one of the chicken houses, listlessly forking straw.

I told him the news. He dropped his fork and we rushed from the chicken house out to his car.

We shot down the hill and came to a halt in front of our house in a really wonderful cloud of dust.

Pop coughed, waved the dust away from his face, and extended his hand.

"Hello, Howard," he said resignedly.

"Golly, I'm sorry," Howard said. "I didn't mean to speed up here like that. I was just so excited I forgot."

"Forget it," Pop said sadly.

Howard turned to my sister.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said.

They drove away together, slowly enough, until they reached the top of the hill. Then the wail of the horn came floating through the air, and we saw them vanish in a cloud of dust.

Mom took Pop's hand.

"The Lord will take care of our little girl," she said.

Mom was right. Howard and my sister were married, and had a daughter they named Judy and were as happy as any couple has ever been.

I went over to their house the other day, and walked into a family scene. Howard was shouting and my sister and Judy were crying. I asked Howard what it was all about.

"It's Judy," he roared. "She's running around with a crazy kid. A speed demon. Never drives less than 60. I won't have it."

He glared at me.

"What are you grinning about?" he said.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing at all."

## HOMES FOR VETS BY VETS

(Continued from page 13)

an ambulance, a small truck and about a thousand dollars' worth of hand tools.

Bob Mauldin was ready to go into business, but he had long since realized that the job he had in mind was too big for one man to handle. So, in December, he took in a partner, former Army Engineer Merlin S. Boyd, an experienced construction man who shared the belief that homes for veterans could be turned out cheaper, better and faster.

To get started Mauldin and Boyd bid on and were awarded two sub-contracts on existing veteran housing projects in Dallas. The two sub-contracts, amounting to an aggregate of about \$32,000, were for concrete work—foundation, driveways, side-walks and septic tanks.

They had their equipment and they had a job. The next problem was to get men to work for them. Local contractors had something to say about that, too. "There just isn't enough labor to go around," they told Mauldin. "A lot of the fellows who've been working on home front jobs during the war are resting up and many of

the boys just back from the service are taking things easy until the right job comes along. You can't blame them for that."

Mauldin didn't blame anybody. Instead he went to the U.S. Employment Service. He mentioned homes for veterans, and homes by veterans, and the Employment Service officials sent him the men. The first job got underway.

A few days later Mauldin and Boyd met Fred L. Galbrath, a former Boy Scout field executive and AAF pilot who had set up his own loan and insurance office in Dallas after his discharge. Galbrath liked the way Mauldin and Boyd were going about the job of supplying homes for veterans. He'd been doing a lot of thinking about the same thing himself. It didn't take long for the three to realize that Galbrath was just what Mauldin and Boyd needed. The ex-Seabee and the ex-Army Engineer were field construction men. They needed somebody to handle the business end of their venture; to set up an office, buy material, hire workers, pay bills

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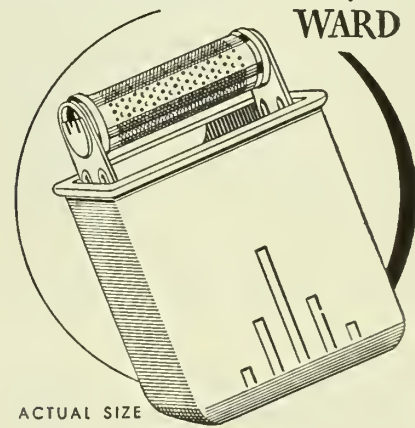


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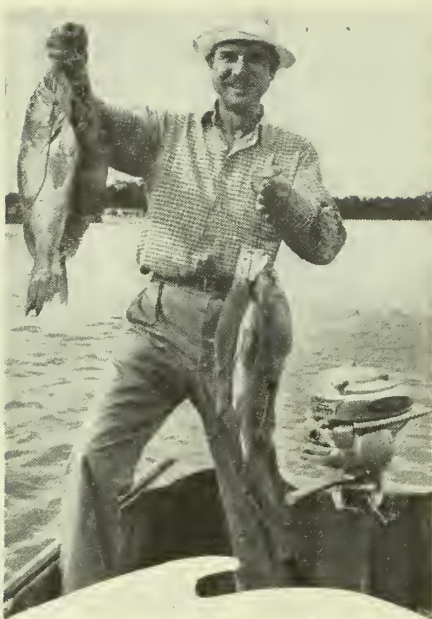
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and wages. Galbrath put up \$5,000 and became a partner.

One of Galbrath's first proposals was that they form a corporation. Then the three of them paid a visit to Gerald L. Mann, former All-American football player, Attorney General of Texas, and gubernatorial candidate. Tough, straight-shooting Jerry Mann, generally conceded to be one of Texas's best lawyers, agreed to handle the legal work for the new organization. A few days later the GI Construction Company was incorporated.

Two days after it was incorporated the GI Construction Company had an office, temporary living quarters for new workers, a stockpile of equipment, and two sub-contracting jobs. But sub-contracting concrete work was a long step from building homes for veterans.

The three ex-GI's had heard local contractors complain that lumber was hard to get in the Dallas area. So Galbrath made a quick trip to a number of mill towns in three states and returned with assurances that the new company could get all the lumber it needed as long as purchase was made in large lots.

Then he contacted reputable local loan agencies and found them willing, and even anxious, to finance homes for veterans. A typical comment came from N. G. Landrum, President of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association, who told Galbrath: "You build the homes and we'll get the money." Landrum told this writer that 90 percent of the loans handled by his association in the first six weeks of 1946 were for veterans' homes. The main requirement for getting a loan in Dallas is that the home meet the government requirements set out in the GI Bill Of Rights (which provides for government guarantee of up to \$4,000 of a home loan).

Galbrath gathered together the plans for the first five homes his outfit planned to build and went over to see Scott Reed, Veterans Administration Loan Guaranty Officer for most of Texas. The plans were quickly approved, and Reed promised fast action on all future GI Construction Company projects. The die was nearly cast.

Galbrath's final visit was to the Dallas regional office of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Since the GI Construction Company had no cash on hand, and since the loan agencies could not advance money until the homes were completed, the ex-GI's needed cash to pay running expenses during the six-week construction period. The RFC agreed to put through a loan of \$25,000 for this purpose, and only a month after its inception the GI Construction Company began building its first five homes.

How does the GI Construction Company turn out homes cheaper and faster?

A Dallas contractor gave one answer as he watched the veterans lay the foundation for a new home. "That's the work'n'-

#### REINSTATING GOV'T INSURANCE

**A PHYSICAL** examination is no longer necessary to reinstate National Service Life Insurance policies that have lapsed. A more liberal reinstatement plan, recently announced by the Veterans Administration, requires only that the veteran submit a signed statement that he is in as good health as he was at the time the policy lapsed. The plan will remain in effect until January 1, 1947, and will also apply to policies that lapse between now and then.

est bunch of men I've ever seen," he said. "And don't let anybody tell you they don't know their business." The contractor's statement can easily be added up in dollar savings for the veteran home buyers. The ex-GI's working for the company take great pride in doing their work fast and well. "It just makes a guy feel good," one of them said, "to know he's building a home for another ex-GI who hasn't got any place for himself and his family to live."

But know-how, ingenuity, guts and the will to work form only part of the answer. Other dollars are knocked off the final cost by the elimination of most of the sub-contracting. On the majority of housing projects in the Dallas area sub-contracts are let for foundation concrete work, plumbing, painting, electrical work, paper hanging, floor sanding, roofing and landscaping. By eliminating the majority of these sub-contracts (when the writer visited Dallas the only phase of the work being sub-contracted by the GI Construction Company was plumbing) the company knocks out half a dozen or more middle-men.

Mauldin sized up his views on sub-contracting. "When we bid on our first concrete sub-contracting job before the GI Construction Company was incorporated we had to figure on a modicum of profit in order to make it worthwhile," he said. "Every sub-contractor has to do the same, and that means extra cost. In these new homes we're building we've eliminated most of the sub-contracts and are doing those smaller jobs ourselves. We've hired painters, electricians, sanders and paper hangers, and they do their work for the GI Construction Company instead of for sub-contractors."

Similar savings, in both time and money, are effected by the utilization of labor saving devices. (They use post hole reamers attached to a tractor, for example, instead of hand operated post hole diggers.)

In addition, the company buys lumber in large lots and has as much of it as possible pre-cut at the mills or in the



company's storage yard. In this way many pieces of lumber—sills, joists and beams, to name a few—are cut by electric saws on a mass production basis instead of by hand saws in a piecemeal manner.

Still another saving is brought about by designing the houses so that standard lumber lengths can be used. This simply means that a greater part of the lumber can immediately be put in place without having to cut a few inches off the end of each board or plank. As in other processes, this saves both time and money.

The layman naturally wonders why these savings (elimination of sub-contracting, and utilization of labor saving devices, pre-cutting and standard lumber lengths) aren't normal practices among contractors. The answer dates back to the lean construction years when rules outlawing most of these labor and cost saving processes were adopted in order to insure maximum employment.

As this is written the GI Construction Company is paying union scale wages, but, like a majority of Dallas construction companies, is not unionized. Even if it were to employ only union labor, however, the effect would be the same, since organized labor, both nationally and locally, recently volunteered to waive those rules in the construction of homes for veterans as long as the emergency exists. The only catch there is that it's hard to find instances in which the rules have actually been waived. Organized contractors have apparently become so used to abiding by those out-dated rules they just haven't got around to capitalizing on labor's offer to waive them.

There is every indication that the methods employed by Mauldin, Boyd and Galbrath can be utilized to full advantage in building homes by veterans and for veterans in many other sections of the country. This is just one of many plans designed to supply the estimated three million new homes which will be needed before 1948.



"Sit down, Major—I don't let the officer caste system annoy me any more—do you?"

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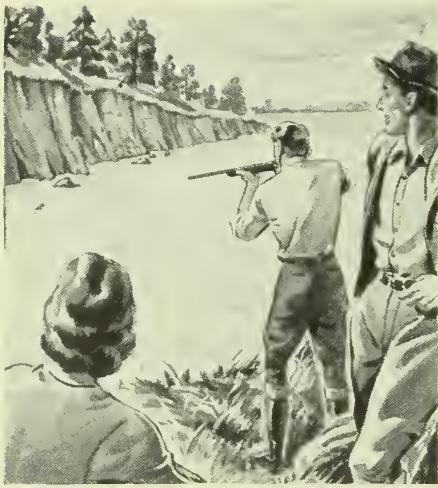
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## UNO: PROGRESS

(Continued from page 11)

alliances with countries of Western Europe. Naturally Soviet Russia, still suspicious of the intentions of the western democracies—an attitude which was not allayed by Churchill's recent speeches in the United States—is not bent on encouraging such alliances. And quite naturally the British see in many of the moves of the Kremlin a design to threaten the security of the ties of the British motherland with the Dominions and colonies which make the "tight little isle" a power in world affairs.

It is in the light of the Big Powers' clash of national interests that the achievements and failures of UNO must be viewed for the present. No treaties have been signed yet with the Axis powers or their satellites. There are more than 30 fundamental frontier disputes to be settled before the map of Europe can be redrawn. There are important questions to be solved, involving not only the future western frontiers of Germany but of Italy's colonies as well, before anything like the preservation of peace and security can be approached with reality.

Britain and America have proposed a collective trusteeship for Italian African colonies, but the Soviets want to administer Tripolitania, which would give them a foothold in the Mediterranean athwart the British Empire's lifeline. Perhaps Russia's demand is only a bluff in the game for control of the Dardanelles, but it is apparent that before UNO can function smoothly in public there will have to be a good many meetings of foreign ministers in private to evolve a *modus vivendi* among the Big Three. And a good deal of secret diplomacy will be needed before there can be realization of the Wilsonian ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at." For it is a plain but unpleasant truth that

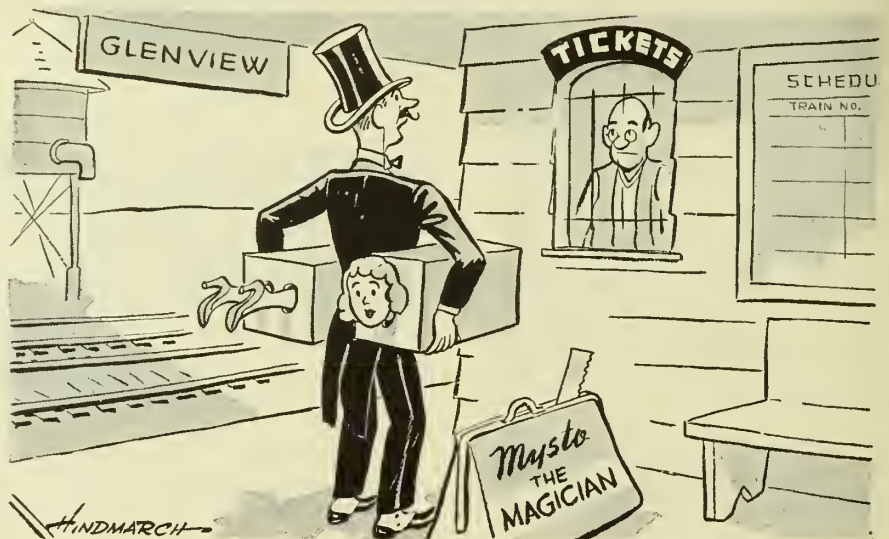
if the Big Three are going to take it upon themselves to dispose of the destiny of smaller nations there will have to be a good many cases of the *fait accompli* lest the protests of victims disturb the atmosphere of peace and security.

Only by viewing UNO against the background of political realities is it possible to assess its achievements and failures at this time. If it has proved disappointing it is perhaps because in the first blush of the dawn of peace we expected too much of an infant born a little prematurely. Yet it was a lusty infant and it survived. Let us look for a minute at its positive achievements, which are apt to be forgotten in favor of the caterwauling and bickering that marked the first public sessions of its Security Council.

Its assembly, on which all member states are represented with one vote each, elected Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium its President, chose Trygve Lie of Norway its Permanent Secretary, voted itself an annual budget of twenty-two million dollars for a secretariat of 2500, chose New York as its temporary home and Westchester-Fairfield Counties for permanent headquarters, barred Franco's Spain as a member and rejected by a 31-10 vote the Soviet demand for forcible return of refugees to their respective countries.

An atomic control commission was established by the Assembly to report to the Security Council, an economic and social council was established to strengthen ties among nations, and a military staff committee already is considering steps toward building a UNO police force. The International Court of Justice meeting at The Hague will consider the British-Guatemala dispute over British Honduras as its first case.

In this atomic age these may seem like small achievements balanced against seeming failures of the Security Council, which from the start of the first plenary sessions



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at London to their close was wracked by conflicts of interests among great powers, and in the end was frustrated by the Soviet's arbitrary use of veto power. Still they show a desire to keep the organization in being and a will to resolve the differences which threaten the peace of the world and in fact the continued existence of our civilization.

The troubles of the Security Council began with Iran's protest against activities of Russian forces in Azerbaijan, that northern region which the Red Army occupied during the war while Anglo-American forces occupied territory to the south, and which recently declared its separatist aspirations. Vishinsky, countering Iranian charges of Soviet machinations with the declaration that the separatist movement in Azerbaijan was a "people's revolt," sought to turn the fire elsewhere by demanding that Britain get out of Greece, which brought a fiery retort from British Foreign Secretary Bevin that Russian propaganda was the greatest threat to peace.

Vishinsky proposed a UNO investigation of British use of Japanese troops in Indonesia which was voted down by the Security Council. His maneuver, however, gave the Soviets a chance to pose before dependent peoples of world as their protector. Finally, when Syria and Lebanon protested against continued presence of British and French troops and Stettinius for the United States got the British and French to agree to compromise, pledging their withdrawal "as soon as practicable," Vishinsky wrecked the plan by invoking his veto power.

HERE was an example of a weakness in the charter which was apparent even before the first UNO meeting. The issue in Syria and Lebanon was neither very serious nor did it concern directly any of the Big Powers—yet one of them blocked a proposed solution by failing to go along.

Perhaps in the end it will appear that Vishinsky served the cause of peace by calling attention to the fact that unless the Big Five, whose unanimous consent is needed, can evolve some formula for reasonable use of the veto power that the charter provides, no real threat to peace can be averted by the Security Council.

For as matters stand now the UNO has been shown dramatically to be a device by which a great power can blockade the will of the majority to protect either itself or, more important, its satellites. The only exception is action under Article six, where if a great power itself is party to a dispute, positive assent of all other great powers is needed for decisive action.

The most significant aspect of the Security Council's sessions was the development of the bloc system, and it must be counted as a gain that the small nations did not withdraw in disillusionment, suspecting that the deliberations were a mere cloak for power politics by the Big Three. This division of interest between Soviets and West was perhaps the most significant trend disclosed by UNO's public sessions. There was another less obvious one—that invariably it was a weaker power which was arraigned. Britain was castigated for using Japanese troops in Java, but nothing was said about similar use of Japanese by the United States in Korea. Nor was anything critical said regarding certain aspects of Russian policy in Southeastern Europe which are as distasteful to the United States as to Britain—probably for fear that the Russians, finding themselves in a minority, might pack up and go home. The big lesson of the early sessions of UNO is twofold—that this new organization is as sound and solid as the relations among the three major powers and that there can be no real security or guarantee of peace as long as one of them is sitting on the fence or vetoing by not voting affirmatively.



"Look, Sarjint—d'ya think you could sneak a case o' that ole Army beer outa the post P.X. to a ex-G.I.?"



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beaches of the North and South Shore, Cape Cod, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, the quiet beauty of blue lakes. There are plenty of historic beauty spots to visit: Concord... Lexington... Plymouth, land of the Pilgrims... Gloucester and Salem, of seafaring and witchcraft fame... Pioneer Valley, scene of bloody Indian raids. There's recreation, rest, relaxation, in almost endless variety for your vacation in Massachusetts!

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**STRICTLY STINKY**

(Continued from page 18)

brown flacon with sagebrush—were, as the copy suggests, “four bracing, virile scents.” Well, sir, it may be bracing internally, but if you miss your mouth and let it trickle down your chin it’s about as “virile” as a bunch of violets.

One Kay Daumit has dreamed up a container even more diabolical. It’s called *White Shirt* cologne and the bottle actually is dressed in a white shirt with buttons, but no tie. The blurb reads, “—meticulous, clean and fresh as the starched white shirt the package suggests.” Well, it has been so long since a man has been able to purchase a white shirt of any kind that I suspect he’d buy this facsimile even if the bottle contained asafetida. If Kay really wanted to go virile with her product she should have unbuttoned the shirt exposing the hair on the chest of the rugged container.

Another lotion manufacturer has dressed his bottle in Harris tweeds. The jacket has no lapels, padded shoulders or belt in the back but it’s a right smart little number, beautifully tailored, and comes in checks, wide stripes and herringbone. But, here again, the contents still smell like a girls’ finishing school.

Now, as to the advertising copy itself. Milady’s perfume is inevitably described in seductive terms, like “Perfume that breathes a challenge . . . a whispered invitation for a man to be masterful,” or “A sophisticated perfume for the woman who can dare to be provocative,” or “This wicked essence of sophistication is a cunning bouquet of precious wood oils, a jungle redolence imprisoned in an extract from the glands of sables. Apply it not to your hanky or gown but touch it sparingly to six places on your skin. Then off to cocktails and may Allah protect you!” If this is the purpose of perfume I suggest that the ladies save their \$25-an-ounce and have their names and telephone numbers printed on large placards slung over their shoulders. In other words, the sales talk in perfume ads is about as subtle as a bear trap. But, let’s take a look at what the agencies suggest for Milord.

It’s smack bang out of the boudoir and into the woods with “whistling-clean fragrance from a man’s world of wind and northern pine,” “a hint of heather and fern that’s as clean as a fresh wind across Scotland,” and “essences that tingle with the excitement of rare cognac, cedar and Russian leather.”

Take that last piece of bunkum. Show me a man who wants to smell of cognac, cedar and Russian leather—and I’ll show you a cad. If I want to smell of cognac I know where to get it at a tenth the price, and what to do with it. As for cedar, it’s a good moth repellant. The “Russian leather” appeal goes over my head completely. My grandfather didn’t smell of Russian lea-



ther, neither did my father, and I'll be damned if I will.

One so-called masculine perfume is a "blend of Irish moss, peat, fern and heather." Nuts.

Another is billed as a combination of leather and tobacco aromas. If anyone gave me a bottle of the stuff I'd sprinkle it on our rose bushes to kill the aphids. Millions of breath tablets are bought annually by men who wish to get rid of tobacco smell.

Everyone, I suppose, is familiar with the titles of female perfumes: *Fatal Apple*, *Perhaps*, *Breathless*, *Tabu*, *Storm Warning*, *Frenzy*, *My Alibi*, *Menace* and *Courage*, to name but a few. If there is any doubt in your mind what basic appeal is attached to these names I suggest that you have a heart to heart talk with your Aunt Alice. Suffice to say they are not just pulled out of a hat willy-nilly like Bingo numbers.

The male cosmetic titles, designed to give them a muscular, massive-chested appeal, are downright feeble. Some of these are *Seaforth*, *Cargo*, *Timber*, *Sportsman*,



## How to be a #1 HERO all your life!

Get yourself a finer, smoother Barbasol Face with America's #1 shave—and keep it all your life. That's how! Nothing like it for winning a woman's approval in close-ups. That's why! Yes, for shaving speed and ease, for soothing comfort and smooth results, Barbasol is facially yours—all ways!

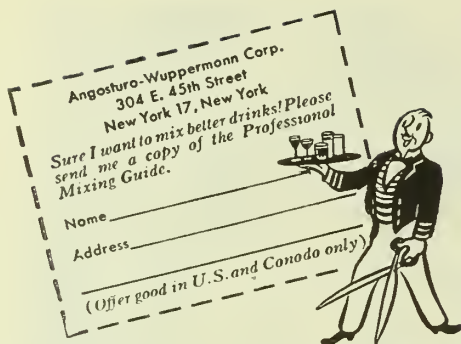
Tubes and jars. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family sizes, 75¢ and \$1.00.



The number of American Legion Posts with 1000 or more members jumped from 96 in 1944 to 141 in 1945. Omaha Post continued in first place, but with 9910 members as against 7450 in 1944. Runner-up again was Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of Denver with 5728, followed by Portland (Oregon) Post with 3886, and Oklahoma City Post with 3859. Among the Departments, Pennsylvania led with 13 Posts having 1000 or more members. California and Illinois each had 12 and Massachusetts nine, while Ohio and Washington each had seven.

*Tars*, *Saddle Club*, *Kings Men*, *For Men Only*, *Snuff*, *Spruce*, *Commando*, *Ascot*, *At Ease*, *Chukker*, *Steeple Chase*, *Buckskin* and *His*. All I can say for these come-on titles is that rose water by any other name smells just as sweet, titles, slogans, bottles, jugs, crocks and labels notwithstanding. I still believe that perfume was made for women, and women alone. And tell me, please, what the result will be when a woman wearing *Indiscreet* meets a gent splashed in *Timber*? Or, as the copy writer would phrase it, when "a sophisticated perfume that spins a moment into a memory" clashes with "a refreshing fragrance as bracing and invigorating as a spring morning in the north woods"? Maybe the combination will smell like skunk cabbage and break up the romance right then and there. Or, perhaps, the two scents will neutralize each other leaving the boy and girl just standing there in the moonlight,





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"Well, I've been round the globe since and I've yet to find its equal for giving a mellow shine and keeping leather supple in any climate."

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shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, sniffing the blank air.

Courtley Ltd. is on the wrong track if he thinks he can entice me or any other male into a bubble bath by naming his product *Steeple Chase* or *Chukker*. Even if this female foam was bottled in stone crocks, draped in black trunks and called *Right Upper Cut* I still wouldn't be tempted. I'd as leave step into a pair of nylons and high heeled shoes.

One manufacturer, named The House for Men, Inc., has gone completely haywire with *His*—a solid gold shaving bowl selling retail for \$1875.00 (soap not included). You can see this "strictly masculine" nugget on display at 609 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, presumably by appointment only.

A dame might want to wear one of these gold baubles around her neck in place of the Hope diamond but I can't imagine anyone in his right mind using it as a shaving mug. The "soap not included" part of the ad kills me. It's like buying a Rolls Royce for \$12,000 only to have the salesman tell you "I'm sorry, sir, but that price does not include air in the tires." As far as I'm concerned The House for Men, Inc., can weigh their pockets down with solid gold shaving bowls (soap not included) and go jump in Lake Michigan (water included).

What future plans are germinating in the scheming minds of the Messrs. Faberge, Yardley, Guerlain *et al*? To what extent do they intend to louse up the men of America? Surely it is but a hop, skip and a jump from after shave lotion, men's cologne, perfume, bubble bath and face powder to a full line of cosmetics—sachet (with that subtle fragrance of a Cape Cod fisherman's shack), foundation cream (as burly as a bulldozer), nail polish (which bespeaks a day in the stoke hold of a tramp steamer), skin freshener (as rugged and hairy-chested as a top sergeant in the Fighting 69th) and dusting powder (a cunning bouquet of old cigar butts, Rus-

sian leather and stale rye imprisoned in an extract of wolf glands for the man who dares to be provocative). By this time next year you should be able to buy *Sandhog*, *Truck Driver*, *Lumber Jack* and *Stevadore*, but don't be fooled, mister—every last one of them, regardless of their rugged titles and camouflaged containers, will leave you smelling like a petunia bush in full bloom.

Let's listen in on two burly truck drivers who have just pulled their twenty-ton job up to Joe's Diner at the side of the road for a quick hamburger:

"Tired, Mike?" Bill asks.

"Yeah. I can't wait to hit Utica and a good old bubble bath."

"That's for me! Then a dash of *Mine Shaft No. 5* with that whistling-clean fragrance from a man's world of wind and northern pine."

Mike drops his eyes and adds, "You're killin' me, Bub. What I wouldn't give now for the crisp freshness of the 7 seas, the soothing coolness of tropic moss, at only \$3.50 an ounce."

Bill sniffs the air, his nostrils dilating. "What face talc you usin' these days?"

"Elizabeth Arden's *Scuttlebutt*—and you?"

"Yardley's *Boiler Room*."

"Sure smells pretty, don't it?"

"Here," Bill says, producing a compact from his back pocket, "leave me give you a dab."

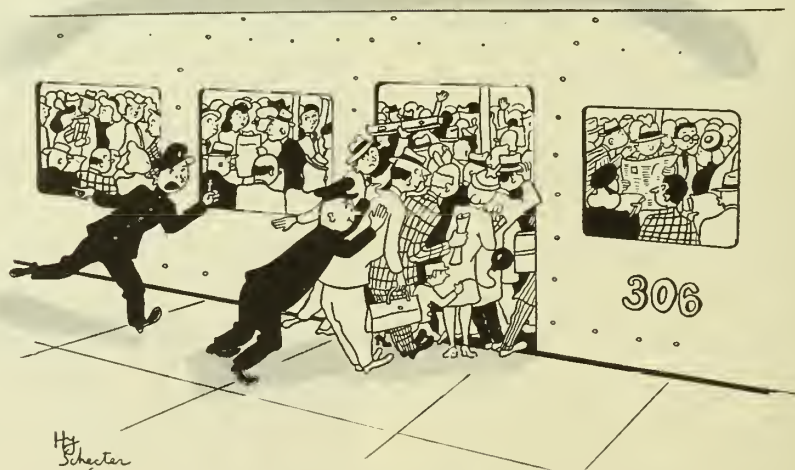
"Geest, that's a smooth texture," Mike says, rubbing his horny hand over his face.

"You're tellin' me! Like the ad says, it has the subtle fragrance of an ocean breeze, the fresh tang of the north wind whistling through Canadian spruce."

"What bath salts you dunkin' the torso in Saturday nights?" Mike asks.

"Coty's *Crank Case*. The boys at the warehouse give me a flacon for me boit-day. The bottle is shaped liked a wrestler's jaw wit' whiskers onto it. It's fer the man who dares to be different."

Mike stoops down, picks up a hanky



"Hold it Harry! You're pushing them out of the next car"



which has dropped out of his sleeve, replaces it daintily and whispers to Bill, "Poddon me, Bub—but your nose's shiny."

Bill blushes to the roots of his close-cropped hair, slips into Joe's Diner and heads for the men's powder room. "Aw, nuts!" he exclaims; "that's what happens every time I forget to apply my powder base."

Here, you take over.

## DUDE RANCH

(Continued from page 17)

your own cabin, near the ranch house, and you can do just about as you wish, and that includes loafing. You will be awakened early in the morning, not by an alarm clock or a bugle, but by the crisp, cool air and your own appetite. The dawn is thick with tiny sounds that make music while you snatch a few extra winks in the comfortable, blanketed bed. Chipmunks scamper on your roof. Aspen leaves shiver in the breeze, which is crisp from snow on the peaks up the canyon. You become aware again of the rush of the nearby creek which sang you to sleep last night. As the saddle horses stomp in the corral the old ranch dinner bell rings. You snooze a little more, because it will ring again in thirty minutes, when breakfast will be ready.

Ranch breakfasts are big—more eggs, bacon, coffee, and flapjacks than you'd eat at home in three days. And they have an edge on meals anywhere else—an edge that your outdoor appetite gives them.

After breakfast the day is yours. You can join in the day's riding program, you can loaf, fish, hike, read, sleep, or pitch in to the day's ranch work; or pick up a companion or two for unorganized recreation. Most ranches have horseshoe pits, some have trap-shooting ranges, others have swimming pools and tennis courts. You can go fishing, alone or in company.

You want the horses? A riding party was most certainly planned around the big pine-log fire last night. Better get down to the corrals now, and see how the head wrangler lines you up with horse and saddle. When he asks how much riding experience you've had, tell him without any stretch in it. He'll soon find out anyway. He doesn't care how much of a tenderfoot you may be, and he has a horse for you. There are no outlaw horses. A good mountain horse has to be reliable at every turn of the trail. The blood of quarter horses, of Morgans, and in recent years, the royal strains of Arabians are found in these saddle animals. There may be a few plugs in the corral, but most of these animals have spirit, yet are so gentle youngsters can ride them safely. Many ranches specialize in showing teen-agers and even younger children how to ride western style, how to care for their horses and equipment, and teach them the horse-



# And so its fame began to spread **100 YEARS AGO**

The friendly custom of Col. James Crow was to let no traveler pass his distillery without inviting him in to partake of some of his excellent whiskey.

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

# OLD CROW

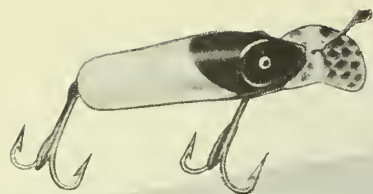
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

## Bottled-in-Bond

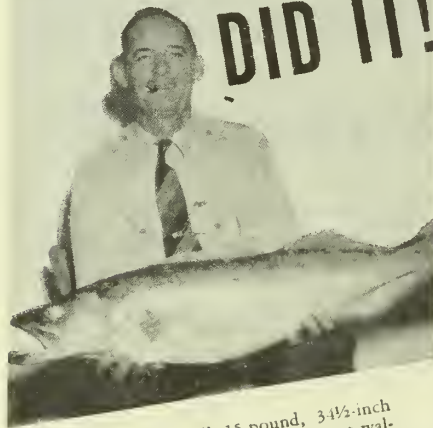


### A Truly Great Name AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES





"DIVE-ORENO"  
DID IT!



"Old Ironsides," 15-pound, 34½-inch Norris Lake walleye pike—largest walleye caught in the United States in 1945—passed up a lot of lures in his lifetime, but couldn't resist the Dive-Oreno, says his beaming conqueror, R. L. (Bob) Kidd of Norris, Tenn. Bob's outfit included a South Bend rod, reel and Dive-Oreno bait.

Like Bob Kidd, many of you may be down to your last Dive-Oreno (the last one in his tackle box was the one that took "Old Ironsides"). Some of you may never have tried one. In either case you'll be glad to know that thousands of deep diving Dive-Orenos are again in production.

The Dive-Oreno was specially designed for deep water lakes, such as those in the T.V.A. region, where it was first introduced. But you can't keep a good bait a secret—when it catches fish like *this* one does! In lake or stream there's no more dependable bait for large mouth or small mouth bass, walleyes, pike or pickerel—and even whopping big perch and crappies hit it. Take our word for it, there's nothing better, so—

Tell your dealer to save a few for you from his first shipment. It's made in the size above (No. 952) and slightly larger (No. 954)—two mighty good "numbers"!

South Bend Bait Co., 855 S. High St., South Bend 23, Ind.



**Send for this FREE Book**

Want to see some good fishing photographs? Here's a book that shows all 36 prize winners entered in the recent South Bend Fishing Photo Contest. Drop us a card and get your copy. Ask for Fishing Photo Book.

**SOUTH BEND**  
*A Name Famous in Fishing*

wisdom learned through years of cowboy life.

The host has seen to it that you have a slicker to tie across the back of the saddle in case of showers, the wrangler will show you as much as you need showing about how to saddle a western horse, probably tell you how to hold the unknotted reins as you ride, how to guide western style by "neckreining." Ask any questions and he'll tell you. He's told a lot of people who didn't know.

Off you go, single file out the corral gate, and where you go and what you see depends on the ranch and the day's program. Whether it's to the high mountains or up the roaring canyon, you'll ride ridges, ford creeks, follow a trail with something new at every turn, in country spotted by pines and cedar, furred with fragrant sage, bitter brush and mountain mahogany. A hawk sails from a dead pine, magpies scold, white clouds billow on a vista of snow-capped ranges, and the sun shimmers far below on the sage flats. Beside the trail are cactus, deer tracks, and little prairie dog mounds, where a horse may step, stumble and throw a rider if the gait is fast. Past the dog town the riders spread out, horses break into a trot. The scene keeps shifting as you drop, single file again, into the next canyon. Bald mountains, cliffs, patches of forest, and the far snowfields keep grouping into new patterns. You come out on a little meadow and surprise an elk cow and calf. They trot away, and stir up a buck deer . . .

Oh, you didn't want the horses today? The creek hard by the ranch house has rainbow and brown trout in scores of deep pools nestled under boulders just made for fishing and sitting. Or you can cast the rapids and the rocky shoots between pools. Maybe you'll fish every day and get to know all the good spots. Maybe you don't fish or ride. You can sprawl in total ease in a big, comfortable chair in the shadow of your own cabin. If you hit the ranch at haying time and want to feel the touch of sore but honest muscles and taste the salt of your own perspiration, go along with the haying crew. It's guaranteed to build up the appetite. Work is fun with the guests and crew all mixed together, and who cares if you do quit after fifteen minutes and just watch?

The dude ranch is three-squares a day and do as you please, with plenty to do. There's good company in the other guests, for they come in all ages, and both sexes—and they like the same things you do.

Take the wife and kids if you have a family. A dude ranch is one place everyone of your brood may find something to do in company with all the rest of the family. There's telephone service, and mail service, at these ranches. A doctor usually is among the guests, or there's one down the road, in town. Radios bring you daily news—if you can't get along without it. You can get away from the rush of the

NO FUN FOR A  
**SNOW MAN\***

HE'S GOT  
DANDRUFF



HE NEEDS  
**JERIS**  
FOR FIVE-IN-ONE HAIR CARE

- Corrects loose dandruff
- Gives antiseptic protection
- Relieves itchy scalp
- Cleanses the scalp
- Keeps hair in place

Ask for Jeris today  
at barber shops  
or drug counters.



**JERIS** ANTISEPTIC  
HAIR TONIC

**TENNESSEE**  
IN WORDS AND PICTURES

**FREE**

*a Beautiful Book  
of a Beautiful State*

No state offers a greater variety of scenic and historic interests and opportunities for real enjoyment than does Tennessee—America's Central Vacation Land. A variety that reaches from the cypress-lined bayous of the Mississippi to the cloud-crowned peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains. You will get a graphic preview in your free copy of "Tennessee in Words and Pictures." Write today to

DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION  
305 STATE OFFICE BUILDING  
NASHVILLE 3 TENNESSEE



world, but you can get back in touch with it swiftly if there is need.

These ranches are scattered over all States west of the Great Plains. After you select the general area to be visited, you may secure literature from Walter Nye, Secretary of the Dude Rancher's Association, Billings, Montana, from Jack Dalton, Secretary of the Colorado Dude Ranchers' Association, Cosmopolitan Hotel, Denver, from western railways, state publicity departments and local chambers of commerce. Rates will range from around \$35 to \$75 or more per week. It's your choice between a small ranch with a dozen or so guests, or one probably higher in cost, with more highly organized programs of activities, that can care for a hundred.

#### ADVERTISING CHANCES

(Continued from page 25)

the advertising departments of big companies, print shops, and other related activities. They're just as much in advertising as the \$1000-a-week copywriter.

Before you make a bee-line for the big city to squander your mustering-out pay to find a job, why not look around the old home town? Chances are there's a weekly or daily newspaper in the vicinity. Someone on the paper, or in the store that places the ads, has to write the copy. That's a good place to start. Reporting for the newspaper is also valuable experience.

Most of the large department stores have their own advertising departments. The heads of some of these are paid as well as the top men in the advertising agencies. And don't forget, there are department stores in all cities. They, and many other retail establishments, use advertising talent.

Any kind of sales experience is good background for advertising. Ringing doorbells and trying to get your foot inside Mrs. Jones' door will teach you a lot about what type of talk breaks down her sales resistance. If you know that, you've cornered one of the big secrets of the advertising business.

Many veterans feel if they don't get into advertising as soon as they get out of the service, their chances will be lost. There is no need to hurry. The more production, the more jobs in advertising. It's going to take industry several years to get going full blast again. Meanwhile, you couldn't use your time to better advantage than by going to college under the educational benefits of the GI bill.

Making the rounds of the big New York advertising agencies, I asked the heads of the major departments about opportunities for veterans. At the J. Walter Thompson Company, which handles more advertising than any other agency in the world, I talked with Henry Caldwell, one of the executives in the radio department. He explained that most of the shows you hear over the radio are written by free-

# Why Bus Lines specify Champion Spark Plugs



## THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

The bus lines of America are indispensable to our transportation system. They are experts on maintenance of equipment because efficiency and economy are absolute essentials to success in their business—no factor is too small to escape detailed study. That is why most bus lines with the best maintenance records specify dependable Champion Spark Plugs. This is another example of preference for Champions by experts—substantial evidence that they're better spark plugs for your car.

Champion Spark Plug Company,  
Toledo 1, Ohio.



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS



# Bet you don't need a Harsh laxative

Try Lemon and Water  
—it's good for you!



JUICE OF  
ONE LEMON



IN A GLASS  
OF WATER



FIRST THING  
ON ARISING

**Lemon and water**, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

**This natural fruit drink** — simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water when you first get up—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination.

And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

## Millions Take Lemons for Health

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B<sub>1</sub> and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 10,500,000 now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

**Not sharp or sour**, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears your mouth, wakes you up. Try it for 10 mornings, first thing on arising.

*Keep regular the healthful way!*

**LEMON and WATER**  
—first thing on arising

California  Sunkist

lance writers. But the agency buys the time, chooses the talent, writes the radio commercials, and sometimes directs the acting. Before the war young men were taken in the department as messengers at \$15 a week. Some of the highest paid men in advertising started as messengers. But there are no vacancies at the moment.

Another big New York advertising agency is Young & Rubicam. This agency prepares advertising for Arrow Collar, Packard, Borden's, Swan Soap, Four Roses Whiskey, and many others. I talked with the head of the copy department, where all the ads are written.

A copywriter at Young & Rubicam usually works on from three to five accounts at a time. Every account has a team of workers, including a copywriter, artist, research man, someone from the radio department, and a media man. The media department in an advertising agency decides which newspapers or magazines or radio stations are to be used, and then buys the time or space.

If you like to write, and consider yourself an idea man, the copy department is the one you should head for. It is one of the largest and most important in the agency. Young & Rubicam has about 32 copywriters in the New York office, about two-fifths of them women.

A young copywriter in a big agency will usually start off at about \$30 or \$35 a week. Average salary for a good copywriter is about \$7000 annually, but some of the top ones get more than \$50,000.

If you like to draw or paint, you'll be interested in the art department of an advertising agency. Benton & Bowles, which prepares the ads for Maxwell House Coffee, Post Toasties, Ivory Snow and many others, has about 25 men and women in the art department. Most of them are seated at big drafting tables, busily sketching away at pictures. But they do not draw or paint the actual pictures you see in the magazine ads. They

make a rough sketch or layout which is sent to an outside artist who paints the finished work you see in the magazine.

Charles Faldi, the art director at Benton & Bowles, advises inexperienced veterans who want to get in the art department, to go to art school under the GI bill.

The production department takes the sketch of the advertisement and follows it through until it is released for publication. George Dernley, who heads the production department at McCann-Erickson, whose clients include National Biscuit, and Standard Oil, prefers young men with an interest in engineering and mechanics. A good production man can read proof, make intelligent use of different kinds of type, explain the intricate process of color printing, distinguish between line cuts and halftones, and know his way around a print shop. A good production department can turn out a finished color advertisement three or four days after getting the layout.

If you have an analytical mind and like figures you may end up in the research department of an advertising agency. Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, which prepares those ads you see for Dupont, Goodrich Tire, and U. S. Steel, has 35 men and women in this kind of work. Their primary job is to assemble the information sent in by the field workers, analyze the results, and write reports that will help the agency turn out more effective ads. Research takes the guesswork out of advertising.

In the advertising business you hear a lot about the account executive. He's the liaison man between the advertiser and agency. If the advertiser doesn't like the way his business is handled, the account executive takes the blame. He must be a good talker and a quick thinker, with a sound advertising background and the ability to get along with all kinds of people.

Many agencies have publicity departments to see that the advertiser's products are mentioned favorably in the editorial



"First National, Fourth National, Fifth National and then back to the First National . . . we're in a rut"



# FORD'S OUT FRONT with Extra Values!



**1 EXTRA POWER.** The big, new Ford is the only car in its class with the extra power of the smooth 100 horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine!

**2 EXTRA ECONOMY.** This big, powerful engine turns fewer revolutions in every mile than any other in the low-priced field. It "loafs" while the car "hustles," for extra economy, longer life.

**3 EXTRA SAFETY.** It's the only car in its class that gives you the safety of such big, oversized self-centering hydraulic brakes!

**4 EXTRA STABILITY.** Of the three leading low-priced cars, Ford is the only one with the extra

stability of a super-strong X-type frame . . . the type that is used in America's highest priced cars!

**5 EXTRA COMFORT.** It's the only car in its price class with the new Multi-Leaf springs and the smooth "Rest-Ride" they give you.

**SEE IT AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S TODAY!**

TUNE IN . . . The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10 p.m., E.S.T. . . . The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 p.m., E.S.T.

There's a *Ford* in your future





33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

*Order it with Confidence... Serve it with Pride*



**"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"**

***Pabst Blue Ribbon***

Copyright 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

**TUNE IN THE PABST BLUE RIBBON SHOW EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT...10 PM EASTERN STANDARD TIME...CBS**





## Companion for your leisure hours

Make the most of those precious moments of relaxation. Enjoy them with the honest fragrance, the just-right mildness of Christian Peper Pouch Mixture.

There's down-to-earth satisfaction in "Peper's Pouch," masterfully blended from fine imported and domestic tobaccos in the Christian Peper manner.

POCKET-SIZE PACKAGE  
AT TOBACCO COUNTERS **25c**

CP-11

*Christian Peper* SAINT LOUIS  
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

*Prevents*  
**INSECT BITES**



**Undiluted  
Lasts Longer**

**49¢**

## You CAN'T WORM WRONG

for tape, hook, whip, round (ascariid) worms when you worm your dog as directed with Pulvex Worm Capsules, a combination treatment which insures your worming right. Used by leading breeders. Packaged 2 ways: for puppies, for dogs. Either, 50¢; double size, 75¢  
At pet, drug, department stores.

**PULVEX**  
★ COMBINATION TREATMENT  
WORM CAPSULES



columns of newspapers, magazines, and trade papers. This is an extra service for which the advertiser usually pays a separate fee. Like the research field, it is comparatively new, but growing rapidly.

The new business department is the sales staff of the advertising agency. The job here is to sell the services of the agency to prospective clients. Almost every big company already has an advertising agency and whether you can lure an advertiser's business away from the competitor depends on hitting the advertiser with a good sales talk, usually at a time when he's dissatisfied with his present agency.

Advertising is often referred to as a young man's business. This is because originality, the fresh approach to an old subject, is essential to good advertising. It is a business of ideas.

If you're an idea man, you won't be discouraged when the big shots tell you how hard it is to break into the business. Sooner or later you'll be able to sell yourself and your ideas.

Advertising is just getting started. Back in 1910 American industry spent a quarter billion dollars in advertising. Last year, in spite of the war, the country's total advertising bill was over two billion. When we get back to mass producing consumer goods on a peace time basis, more money will be spent in advertising than ever before. But don't expect to start out at the top.

### THE LEGION'S DIAMOND MINE

(Continued from page 26)

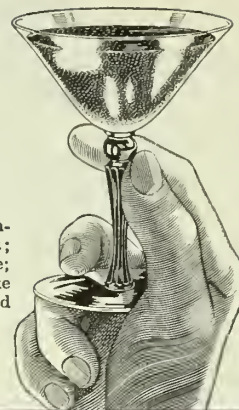
Giants alone have 25. The Browns list a like number—and there are nearly a million kids playing on teams sponsored or supported by Legion Posts from whom the big major league stars of tomorrow will spring in large part.

To name a few of the Legion grads up on top we give you Hal Newhouser, Birdie Tebbets, Freddie Hutchinson and Virgil Trucks of the Detroit Tigers; Bob Feller and Lou Boudreau of the Cleveland Indians; Phil Cavaretta and Hank Wyse of the Chicago Cubs; Kirby Higbe, Peeewe Reese, Rube Melton, Hugh Casey and Augie Galan of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Mort Cooper and Jim Tobin of the Boston Braves; Slaty Marion, Whitey Kurowski and Howard Pollet of the St. Louis Cardinals; Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky of the Boston Red Sox; Mike Tresh of the Chicago White Sox; Joe Gordon of the New York Yankees, and Maurice Van Robays of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Yes, you can measure the value of the Legion program to the major leagues. This year the majors are maintaining their annual ante of \$20,000 to Legion Junior Baseball, and Commissioner Happy Chandler is echoing the song Judge Landis used to sing about American Legion Junior Baseball being the best investment ever made by and for the majors. In terms of

### SOUTHERN COMFORT DAIQUIRI

1½ ounces South-  
ern Comfort;  
Juice of ¼ lime;  
No sugar. Shake  
well with cracked  
ice.



CURRIER & IVES: The Great Mississippi Steamboat Race

*Have you tried a  
Southern Comfort  
Daiquiri?*



If you haven't, you've missed a grand taste thrill! But Only Two, Remember... No Gentleman Will Ask For Three! Equally delicious are the recipes in the booklet on the Southern Comfort bottle.

**100 PROOF  
LIQUEUR**

*There's Only One*

**SOUTHERN  
COMFORT**

*America's  
Most Versatile Drink*



SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.





• By following the example of the champs before them, Baseball's "greats" in batting got that way with a Louisville Slugger. To make the most of YOUR baseball chances, follow the lead of the champs. It's safe to stake your batting success on a Louisville Slugger!

Ready now! The 1946 Famous Slugger Yearbook — full of interesting information and records on the past season. Ask your dealer or send 5¢ to Dept L-21 Hillerich & Bradsby Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky

**LOUISVILLE SLUGGER**  
HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
**Louisville SLUGGER BATS**  
FOR BASEBALL & SOFTBALL

## If you're interested in a JUKE BOX route...

**Write Mills First!**

There's money in music — "Juke Box" music especially! Coin-operated phonographs are profitable investments. However, there are influences at work which might mislead you.

Mills Industries is the largest coin machine manufacturer in the world. That fact, plus our solid war record, adds up to *experience*. We want to pass this experience on to you by offering sound advice about coin-operated phonographs. If you plan to enter this business — *write Mills first*. You will get a personal reply with "no strings attached."

**MILLS INDUSTRIES, INCORPORATED**  
4100 W. Fullerton Ave. Chicago 39, Illinois

money you can measure the value of Legion baseball to the graduates who make big time ball, too. Altogether American Legion JB graduates will earn more than four million dollars in professional baseball this year. Any baseball fan will tell you that if Hal Newhouser, who will be 25 this year, isn't baseball's top pitcher, then Bob Feller is. Each is making at least \$45,000 this year. Both are products of American Legion Junior Baseball.

But Legion Junior Baseball was not devised simply to produce first-rate baseball players. Certainly most Legion alumni don't go into professional ball. While the successful ball-players of the Legion school are earning top-dollars in the majors, the main aim of the Legion program is for all its young players to grow up to become top-citizens in the land. Character, responsibility and community leadership are the real objectives, and the Junior teams are handled to develop these qualities. That's why the Legion is proud of the impressive war record of former JB players. It shows Legion youth are tops in the land.

There are some other measures of the intangibles. If you'll listen to professional baseball club officials you'll find that one of the top-values of Legion players to the big ball teams is their reliability, responsibility and leadership.

Nick Cullop, manager of the American Association's 1945 champions, Milwaukee, has a logical explanation for the success of the Legion's kids as ball-players and citizens. And Nick, like other astute major and minor league managers and scouts, has watched the Legion lads for years, looking for talent.

"They come into professional baseball with better habits than the usual sandlot boy of the old days or these times," Nick asserts. "They arrive and get on the job without having to get the old McGraw sort of supervision and discipline. McGraw put his men into World Series money and kept them in the majors years longer than the average because he made them behave, or else. The Legion ball players are smart that way. They're far ahead of the sandlotters and high-schoolers and collegians in baseball savvy. Their pitchers have good form on the mound and they know how to field their positions. I've never seen a kid in Legion baseball miss a signal, although I've seen men who've been in the majors ten years fail to catch a signal in critical spots."

Chuck Hollinger, former University of Arizona athlete, coaches the junior team of Tucson's Morgan McDermott Post. Hollinger is a high school principal. He regards his work in training the Tucson boys to become contenders in the 1944 and 1945 Legion's "Little World Series" as having a definitely beneficial effect on the boys in all Tucson's grade and high schools.

Says Hollinger: "The Legion's Junior Baseball program gives youngsters who are willing to work inspiring incentives and

## IOWA'S CHAMPIONSHIP RODEO

Established in 1924

**AUGUST 20 THRU 24**

The World's Greatest Outdoor Rodeo!

**5 DAYS AND NITES**

It's Real!  
It's Wild!  
It's Western!

**SIDNEY, IOWA**



THE outstanding annual rodeo of the mid-west, presented by the only ex-servicemen's organization in America owning a complete rodeo—farms, ranch equipment, show property, and outstanding herds of saddle horses, bucking horses, Brahman and Mexican cattle.

For descriptive circular and complete information, write  
**ROYCE DRISKELL**  
Asst. Rodeo Sec'y, Sidney, Iowa

Owned and Managed Exclusively by  
**Williams-Jobe-Gibson Post No. 128, Inc.**

## SELL FAMOUS SUNSHINE "EVERYDAY" CARDS

Take orders galore from friends, neighbors, relatives for entirely new creation "SUNSHINE NOTES," 21 FRENCH FOLDERS with tricky, appealing, beautifully colored designs for \$1. Costs you as low as 50c per box. No greeting inside. Used for all occasions. No waste. Also complete line of New BEADED EVERYDAY BOXES, BIRTHDAYS, CONVALESCENT, EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPS. Be the first in your community to show this fast-selling new box. Send for complete catalog and sample on approval now. **SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 115 FULTON ST., Dept. AL-6, NEW YORK 8, N. Y.**

**EARN MONEY EASILY**

## ATHLETE'S FOOT

Tracked Into The Home Can Infect Your Whole Family!

Lose no time! If your feet itch, or skin between toes is cracked or raw from Athlete's Foot, get Dr. Scholl's Solvex. Relieves itching at once, kills fungi on contact, aids rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.



**Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX**





## MEN

This Horseshoe Ring, Handmade, Hand engraved, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a **KNOCKOUT!** Shoe and shank of everlasting Monel Metal is

### GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

Supply is limited... rush your order! **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay Postman only \$3.85, plus excise tax and postage. Return for refund in five days if not delighted. State size. Address:

Dept. 281-H  
**NATIONAL JEWELRY CO.,** Wheeling, W. Va.

### BOY IT'S KEEN! A REAL METAL "G-BOY" REPEATING CAP PISTOL



LOOKS LIKE A REAL "45"  
Actually Smokes on Firing  
Has Loud Explosive Report

Box of 5 rolls  
caps only 15c  
7 Boxes \$1.00

**\$1.95**

Gun only

Looks and feels like a "45" Automatic. Made of strong lightweight aluminum with a plastic "Pearl" handle. Easy to reload. Order Direct... Today... Prompt Shipment Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order for immediate shipment, express charges collect. (Smallest order \$1. No C.O.D. orders.)

UTILITY STORES, 117 SOUTH WABASH AVE.  
DEPT. FF-15, CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

## SPONGE-AWAY



### Checks Scratching

You give your scratching dog quick comfort when you sponge him with (or dip him in) Sponge-Away solution. It allays itching; kills any fleas, lice, ticks. Also promotes healing, regrowth of hair. Don't let your pet scratch himself into a worse condition or continue suffering. Get 25¢ bottle (makes 2 quarts) from pet, drug or department store today.

A PULVEX QUALITY DOG PRODUCT

### MAKE MONEY AT HOME

### RUBBER MOLDS

Low as  
**6¢ EA.**



Amazing rubber mold-making outfit makes perfect flexible molds of plaques, ash trays, bookends, etc. Molds cost 6¢ to 25¢ each. Each mold makes hundreds of novelties and gifts to sell for \$1.00 apiece and more! No experience necessary. Everything furnished. Quick and easy. Start profitable business in your home—sell to stores, gift shops, friends, resorts, road stands, by mail. Full or spare time. Write for complete FREE details and easy instructions.

SOLO WORKS, INC. Dept. G-818, Loveland, Ohio

## TRI-STATE COLLEGE

### B.S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

in Engineering (all branches); Bus. Admin., Acctg. and Sec. Science. 63rd year. School now filled to capacity. No applications can be accepted until further notice.

3666 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

## BINGO

SPECIAL FRATERNAL OFFER  
ON ALL SUPPLIES

Ask for free Bingo Catalog - Also Catalog for Our Complete Line of Public Address Systems

### HARRY LEVITS

DEPT. AL: 131 WEST 14TH STREET, N. Y. 11, N. Y.



great rewards. It encourages the boys to make the most of themselves."

The work that has been done by Legionnaires for the purpose of developing good citizenship has more than paid its way. There have been more than 7,000 scholarships to universities and colleges received because of merit exhibited in this competition. Those scholarships and the magnificent record of Legion alumni on Uncle Sam's combat teams, are services to the nation beyond cash evaluation.

Certainly the Legion's sponsorship of baseball has been by far the most successful campaign for the extension of sports among American boys. It has drawn to it the support of businessmen's organizations, of newspapers and magazines in every section of the country.

In that sternest of all tests of fighting ability, the Legion Junior baseball alumni confirmed the value of the selective and educative process of the junior baseball program. Their losses were greater than those of any other group of athletes in the war, not alone because there were more of the Legion kids than there were other classes of athletes, but because these lads were the fightingest fellows in the hottest spots.

The same reliability these kids had shown on the diamond they showed on the battlefields, in the air, and on and under the sea. Many of them won't be back to take their turn at bat with any league club or in civilian life. But when the box score of victory was compiled you may have faith that The Scorer gave those valiant young Yanks full credit for the sacrifice.

Those who have returned have had eager welcomes to employment in professional baseball. The Legion program has had a prolonged value to them. Carl Hubbell, director of the Giants' farm system, has remarked that in the days before the Legion gave the baseball aspirants a showcase for their promising abilities the aspirant for a minor league job had a hard time getting his services bought. This year thousands of youngsters will be offered professional baseball contracts as soon as they can step out from under the Legion's wing.

The fans, the newspapers and the radio stations are watching and heralding the most likely looking of these boys. The kids are playing on sandlots or on high school teams until, in most cases, the Legion junior teams get strenuously under way in June after school's out. Then there are practice sessions of three hours a day, five days a week, and the scheduled games.

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## TRES PINOS

(Continued from page 15)

The girl behind the counter of Sam Vinson's store, handing the slim stranger his change, went pale as Jackson entered. Her fingers shook; she dropped a coin and it tinkled on the glass counter.

The stranger looked at her gravely before he turned. Jackson gave him a quick, scowling glance as he crossed to the counter and then ignored him. He said: "Where's your father, Milly?"

Anger replaced the color in Milly Vinson's cheeks and stiffened her voice: "My father has nothing to say to you—"

Jackson reached out a huge hand and caught hers—it was amazingly fast, that move, and Milly winced at the roughness of his grasp. He snapped: "Call him out or I'll go in after him."

Milly kept her voice low. "You can't bully us, Jackson—you can't tell my father who to deal with."

"I can't, eh?" Jackson sneered. "I told him if he sold that barbed wire to Tabor and Markey he'd be sorry. This is range country—there's gonna be no wire strung up in the Rio Seco if I have to tear out every strand of it and shove it down your father's throat."

Milly tried to pull her hand free. Jackson's fingers tightened, and tears came unwilled into the girl's eyes. "Let me go—"

The stranger was shoving his change into his gray vest pocket . . . one of the pieces slid through his fingers and he stooped to retrieve it. He straightened a little clumsily, and his elbow dug into Jackson's side, jarring him against the counter.

Temper went with Jackson's red hair; it flared like a match on sandpaper. He let go the girl's hand, turned with a snarl. "Why you clumsy, club-footed son of a ----," With the words he threw his left in a roundhouse sweep for the stranger's face.

The stranger rolled with the blow so that Jackson spilled forward off balance. He felt himself caught in a surprisingly strong grip and swung jarringly against the counter. Then the stranger slapped him contemptuously across the face.

For a second the imprint of that hand was a white etching against the burnt darkness of Jackson's features. It seemed to choke the broad man's rage behind its insolence—and when it faded Jackson's hand slashed across his body to his Colt.

Milly was standing beyond the counter directly behind him. The stranger noted this as he started to draw . . . and for a thin

second he hesitated. Milly saved his life. She lunged across the counter and caught Jackson's arm as his gun cleared his holster.

The big, snarling man wrenched free of her with one twist of heavy shoulders—and stepped into the stranger's right smash. He spun half way around under the impact. His knees sagged. The gun in his fist went off with a roar at his convulsive trigger jerk. A window pane tinkled—then the stranger hit Jackson again.

He fell back against the counter, his eyes glazed, and he slumped down.

Milly stared, twin spots of red in her cheeks. She did not turn as a gray-haired man thrust aside curtains over a doorway behind her and stepped quickly to her side. The alarm went out of his thin, lined features and he lowered the rifle across the counter. He started to say something but stopped as Crane came in.

The sheriff leaned back against the inner wall and took in the scene. He did not carry his badge on his vest, but pinned to its inner lining, and he was unmoved when the stranger's glance slid briefly over him.

The stranger took his tobacco bag from his pocket and crinkled a paper between his fingers. He said: "Thank you, miss," to Milly. He had a quiet voice. He shook tobacco into the paper in his hand, rolled it between exceptionally long fingers and drew the edge of the paper across his tongue.

Jackson stirred. He fumbled on the floor, then suddenly pushed himself up to sitting position against the counter. He shook his head, as if trying to clear it.

Sam Vinson said: "Did he try to hurt you, Milly?"

The girl shook her head. She was young, with pert face and a vivacious manner. Her smile dimpled her left cheek and made her look mischievous. But it was a tremulous thing and fled almost at once.

The stranger put the cigaret between his lips, then stepped forward and helped Jackson to his feet. He said: "Guess we're quits, hombre—"

Jackson jerked free. He stepped back along the counter, his heavy face dark. "Not quits, stranger." His voice was low, almost soft—it was incongruous in this thick-necked man who had run roughshod over the ranchers of the Rio Seco, enforcing by threat, fists and gunplay his dominion over the rangeland hemmed by the horseshoe curve of the San Sabas.

His gaze, dark and sullen, ran beyond the stranger to Crane, held an instant on the sheriff's impassive face, then flicked

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A GROUP of soldiers in Italy appropriated a stack of straw from a nearby farmyard to use as tent-flooring. Later a gesticulating Italian farmer appeared, demanding payment. One of the soldiers took out a scrap of paper, wrote a few words on it and handed the memo to the farmer, who retired, satisfied. But the next day he was back, more frenzied than ever, seeking *il capitano*. The paper had been inscribed: "Good for 100 rides on the merry-go-round at Coney Island."—By Maxwell Droke.



to the curious men in the doorway. It swung back to Sam Vinson . . . took in Milly . . . then met the stranger's cool blank gaze.

"Not quits, stranger," he repeated. "No man can lay a hand on Tally Jackson—and get away with it." He looked out the broken window. A red splash of sunlight lay against the pane. He sneered: "The sun will be down in an hour. If you're still in Tres Pinos I'll be back—to bury you!"

Jackson turned and pushed his way out through the curious crowd at the doorway.

The stranger lingered a moment. His lean features held no expression. He said: "Sorry to have caused you trouble, Miss," and smiled. Then he turned and walked out.

Sheriff Crane watched him go. He fought the swift voice inside him that urged him to intercept the man now.

The stranger went down the steps to the rack and untied the sorrel. The animal nuzzled him affectionately and he ran a caressing hand under the thick mane. Then he untied the split reins and led the sorrel up the street.

The group on the boardwalk watched him curiously. Slade, an old timer who had come to Tres Pinos with Sheriff Crane, said: "Hell, ain't that—" and the sheriff nodded slowly.

"What you gonna do?"

"Nuthin'," the lawman said. He looked down at Slade and amended: "Nuthin', now. I'm waitin'—until sundown!"

The stranger limped up the street to the three dwarf pines that had given the border town its name. One hundred years ago Padre Neva de Serra Yerba Francisco had gratefully quenched his thirst at the spring that bubbled at the foot of the pines and decided on this spot for his mission. The century had brought changes. Of the padre's work only the gutted mission, loomed as a landmark across the river. But the three pines flourished—and they had shaded many a traveler since.

The stranger let the sorrel drink at the clay trough. Kneeling, he drank too, then filled his canteen from the spring. He looked west once. The sun was poised over the purple peaks. Thoughtfully he lighted the cigaret as he squatted down with his back against a pine trunk to wait.

The group in front of the store slowly split up. Milly came to the doorway and watched him. Then she went to the sheriff. "Stop it, Crane!" she demanded. Her voice was almost a whisper. "Stop it!"

The sheriff did not look at her.

The girl's voice was suddenly harsh. "You can't let him be killed just because you're afraid to do your duty. Crane. You know Jackson has been browbeating the small ranchers, forcing them to sell at his price or move. He's driven cattle onto their alfalfa patches, torn down their fences when they tried to keep his cattle out. Now he's threatening father because he sold them wire—"



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"You can't jail a man for making threats," Crane muttered. "And you can't convict a man without evidence—"

"Evidence!" The girl laughed scornfully. "Round Tree came to town with enough evidence to hang Jackson. And Jackson killed him—"

"I was out of town that day," Crane said thickly. He felt the lash of her words and humiliation darkened his grizzled face. "The coroner held an inquest. It was self-defense—"

"Self defense!" The girl's tone was bitter. "Round Tree didn't have a chance against Jackson. No one has a chance. That's why you've avoided him, let him make a mockery of the law in Rio Seco. But it's your duty, not—"

Sam Vinson stepped to her side. "Milly," he said sternly. "Get back inside. This doesn't concern us."

"Doesn't concern us!" The girl tossed her head angrily. "It was because of you that he's going to die!"

"Get back inside!" Sam repeated sharply. "There's nothing we can do."

His daughter looked at him and he flushed. Then she brushed past him and went down the steps. Her tafetta dress crinkled as she walked.

The stranger watched her approach without visible emotion. He got up when she was ten feet away and said: "Howdy, ma'am." A brown stubble of beard roughened his features, but his gray eyes had an almost boyish look as he greeted her.

Milly was blunt. "He'll kill you."

The stranger grinned. "I wouldn't worry my head over it if I were you." He looked past her to the three men still standing before the store. "Is the big man with the gray vest Sheriff Crane?"

"Yes." Milly felt the coolness of his gaze. "You know him?"

"I will."

Milly did not press the subject. She said: "This is none of your argument. Why are you staying?"

"Bullheaded, I reckon." The stranger smiled. "Always like to travel under my own sayso."

"There's a plot of land across the river, in the old mission yard, where bullheaded men like you wind up," she said impatiently. "You can't buck Jackson—"

The stranger's smile lingered. "You're the first person I've come across who cared that much, ma'am. Maybe—" He did not change perceptibly, but his voice was suddenly sharp. "Get back across the street. Quick!"

She hesitated. He pushed her almost roughly to one side, and turning, she saw Jackson coming out of the Three Deuces Saloon. A crowd spilled out through the swinging doors and dispersed along the building line. Jackson's two companions walked with him until his questioning gaze found the stranger. Then they paused, and Jackson came on alone.

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Milly did not persist. It was too late. She crossed the street, and on the boardwalk the unreality of this scene gripped her and held her rigid.

Jackson did not hurry. But he was cat-like in his judgment, his patience. His rage simmered inside him but did not affect his deliberate pace. He was confident. He was twenty feet away when he met the stranger's eyes—they told him nothing. Then he drew. . .

He felt a burst of fire in his chest, a dim explosion that barely reached his consciousness. Then he pitched forward on his face.

Jackson's two companions didn't move. Sheriff Crane walked to them, his Colt backing his words. "Sundown!" he said flatly. "If you're still here when the moon comes up you'll get what Jackson just got. Savvy?"

The two men shrugged. A better six-gun was suddenly backing the sheriff's hand, and they knew when to throw in their cards. Crane watched them mount and ride away.

The stranger holstered a still smoking Colt as Milly ran to him. "Thank God!" she sobbed. Tears broke through the dryness of her eyes and she let them come. The stranger waited for the sheriff, and said: "You get my answer to your letter?"

The older man nodded. "Got it two days ago. You came pronto, Callman."

Milly looked at him wonderingly, and Sam Vinson said: "You sent for him, Crane?"

The old lawman nodded. "Yeah—I sent for him. Ranger Steve Callman." He drew his Colt, held it out. "I'm coming quietly, Steve."

Confusion flooded Sam's eyes. Milly said: "But sheriff—"

"For bank robbery," Callman said shortly. "Ten years ago, in Laredo." His voice was curious. "You knew I'd come—when you signed yourself Texas Jack Wayne. You're still wanted on the books down at headquarters."

Crane shrugged. "A man's past always catches up with him eventually. And I was overdue." He rolled up his sleeve, revealing a blue-white gash that reached from just above the wrist of his right hand to his elbow. "Got this a year ago, trading bullets with a holdup man. It left my gun arm stiff. About that time Jackson began shoving his weight around. I couldn't stop him. But there was one way I could get the law in here—fast. So I wrote that note."

Vinson said: "I'll be damned."

Crane finished: "I was going to tell you the situation here before I let you take me in, Steve. But Jackson did that himself."

Steve shrugged. He took Crane's gun, slipped it under his belt. "Guess we'll be getting along, Wayne."

"Steve!" Milly said gently. "Will you be back?"

Ranger Steve Callman smiled. "Yes," he said. "I'll be back."

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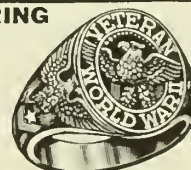
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**MOST** veterans who plan to go in business for themselves want to open retail shops and servicing establishments, according to an announcement by the U. S. Department of Commerce based on 6540 inquiries received from veterans.

The prospective retailers are most interested in the household appliance and radio field. Next in order of popularity are apparel shops, filling stations, grocery stores and restaurants.

The 6540 inquiries showed that 46.8 percent of the ex-servicemen wanted to become retailers, 13.6 percent service establishment operators, 4.7 percent manufacturers, 3.9 wholesalers, 2.8 builders and contractors, while 0.8 percent wanted to go in for transportation, communications and utilities.

The study showed that veterans are most interested in businesses requiring small investments and relatively little skill.

**IF YOU** happen to be in the market for holes, for fence-posts, doughnuts or golf courses, the Navy might be able to help you. At least, it recently put a hole up for sale and got a dollar for it.

The Navy's hole turned up after it had sold a former airplane plant at Taftville, near Norwich, Ohio. Since the hole was listed as a Navy asset, the Office of Material Redistribution and Disposal had to sell it to keep its records straight. The hole was therefor offered for \$1.00 to the purchaser of the plant.

The company's purchasing agent gave the matter considerable thought, debating whether they should not, instead, ask the Navy to remove its hole from the premises. However, to simplify matters, a check was sent and the following receipt was filed by the Navy:

"This is to advise the addressee that for the price of \$1.00 you have bought the cement hole, 10 feet long, 8 feet wide

and 6 feet deep, resting in the southwest corner of the main building near the plant in Taftville."

—By Alfred G. Wonfor

**SOMEWHERE** in America there is a manufacturer of parlor games who loves a practical joke.

The manufacturer made chuckaluck boards which service organizations distributed overseas during the war. He marked them plainly "For Amusement Only."

One of the boards turned up on Espiritu Santos in the New Hebrides where the 27th Infantry Division was preparing for the invasion of Okinawa. An enterprising soldier found the board and formed a small syndicate with \$500.00. Suckers flocked to the board, but in this case the suckers won. In three days the soldier's five hundred dollars was gone.

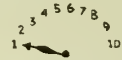


"Hereafter, Mr. Brown, phone your complaints to the desk"

Gently they broke it to him. They had noticed something about the board that he hadn't—several of the numbers paid higher than the mathematical rate, breaking the gambling rule that the boardman always wins.

—By Bob Hillis

**THE** Daily Okinawan, newspaper for servicemen on Okinawa, not long ago carried this advertisement: "Wanted: Ride to Little Rock, Arkansas, by friendly young man with sunny disposition. Will share expenses."



LEON HAROLD

"Why, hello, Major! Back in uniform I see"

**T/SGT.** Emmanuel G. Aronis, of Salina, Kansas, a "professional polar bear" in civilian life, wanted to prove to his fellow GI's that the freezing weather in northern Alsace wasn't too bad. He went to the general with a proposition.

"It might warm the boys up," he said, "if I put on an old vaudeville stunt I used to do when I was in show business. I used to come on stage in a loin cloth and my assistants would freeze me up completely inside a two-ton block of ice. I once stayed frozen for 42 minutes."

The general pointed out that he had no theaters for vaudeville performances.

"That's all right," countered Aronis. "My idea is to lie down naked in a slit trench and have the men fill it with water. In this weather it would freeze quickly. The fellows would see how little heat their bodies require and they'd all feel warmer."

The general thought it over.

"This front is too fluid," he said at last. "If we had to move out, who would defrost you? Besides, it might not do you any harm, but other men might catch cold watching you turn into an ice cube. Permission not granted."

—By Howard Byrne





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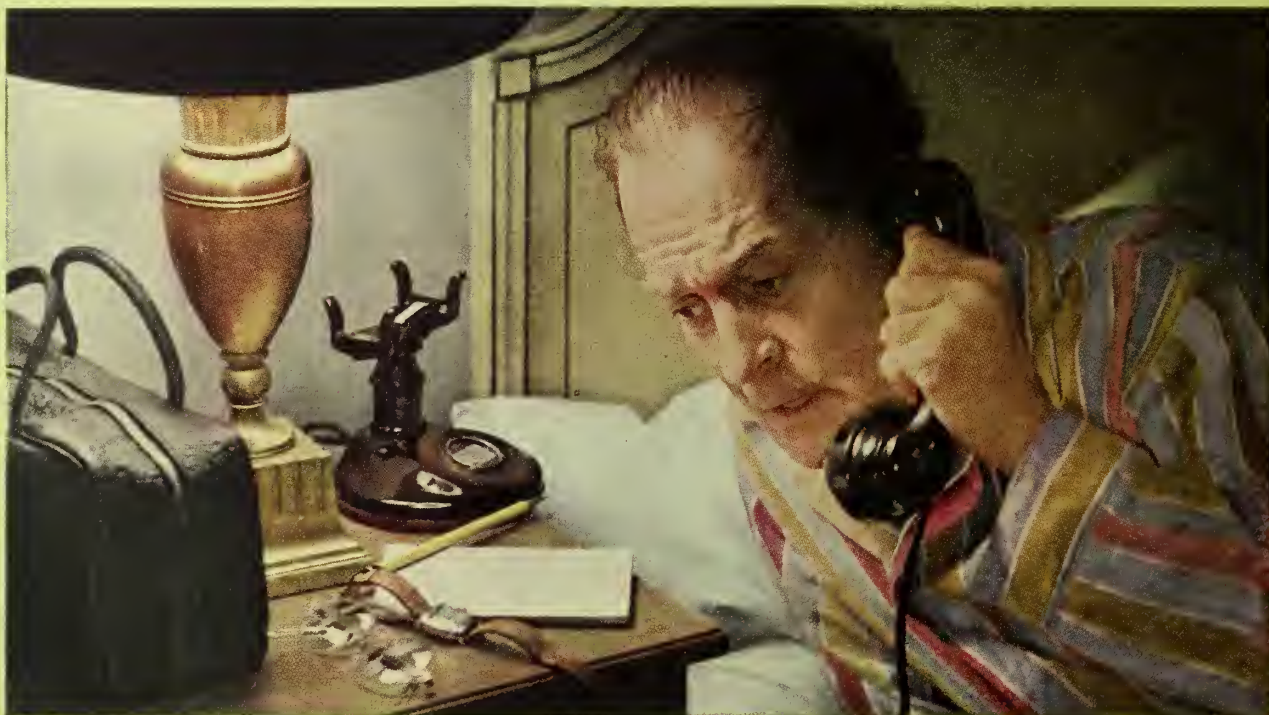


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